

TOP 10 REASONS YOU SHOULD HAVE AN AFFAIR

PENTHOUSE

LETTERS

PURSUIT & CAPTURE

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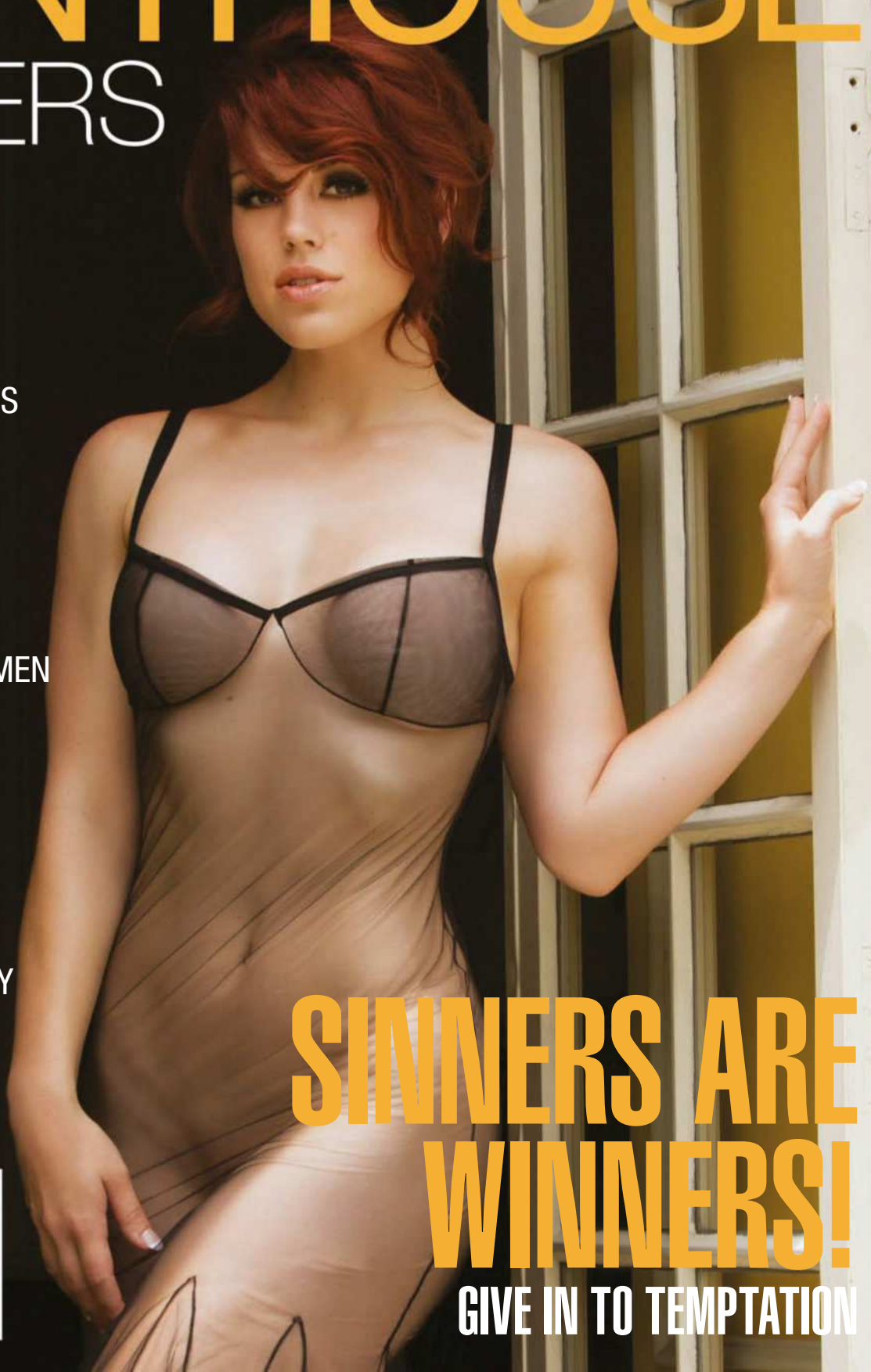
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SINNERS ARE WINNERS!

GIVE IN TO TEMPTATION





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Cover Girl: September 2017 Penthouse Pet Of The Month, Molly Stewart

TEMPTATION fuels the readers *Penthouse Letters*, but their hottest moments get even better when they give in to their deepest desires. Lucky for us, when that happens we hear all about it—and it happens a lot!

In this issue, we have the stories of men and women who bravely break the mold. They're not above stepping out on a spouse for a little extra spice—or meeting up with some pals for an extraordinary orgy or two.

Clusterfucks, extramarital affairs, sex-hungry cougars and more await your eager eyes. Take a read and let your mind wander. What would you do if you were in their shoes? Based on our mailbag, most readers of *Letters* would say: Sinners are winners!

So, it's okay to stray and indulge in your innermost fantasies—as long as you share them with your fellow readers. Email your most shocking confessions to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see them in the pages of this magazine!

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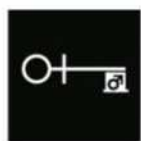
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❶ PARTY FAVOR

After spending five years living 1,000 miles from my family, I finally went home for my sister's wedding. As a groomsman, I wasn't needed until the rehearsal the night before, and I arrived at the church as the wedding planner was pairing off the bridal party. I'd barely taken off my coat when I was tugged into the aisle and my arm hooked through someone else's. When I looked over, my crush from my teen years was smiling at me. A stirring in my boxers confirmed that distance hadn't killed my attraction to Casey, but I wasn't about to make any moves the night before my sister's wedding.

Of course, that doesn't mean I didn't appreciate her presence. Being Casey's partner for the ceremony gave me the perfect excuse to ogle the woman who'd spent so many nights haunting my dreams. We were even placed at the same table at the reception, and we decided to sit together to catch up.

Eventually, everyone else from the table left, lost to the bar and the dance floor. With the party raging around us, Casey and I were as alone as we could be in a ballroom full of people.

I thought I had the perfect opportunity to lay the groundwork for an after-hours party of our own. But I was a little disappointed when Casey turned her attention to her purse and pulled out a mirror and lip gloss. But things quickly got more interesting.

Careful to catch my eye as she touched the wand to her parted lips, Casey took her time applying the cherry-red color. The fullness of her bottom lip demanded several swipes, each one making my dick just a bit harder. After carefully tracing her Cupid's bow, Casey finally closed up the makeup.

Twisting the cylinder between her fingers, a sly look crossed Casey's eyes as the tube tumbled to the floor.

"Oh," she gasped, already reaching

down. "I dropped my lip gloss."

Before I could process what was happening, Casey slipped beneath the table. Instead of grabbing the gloss and sliding back into her seat, she disappeared completely.

A light brush of Casey's fingers against the crotch of my pants was the only warning I received before she opened the metal fastening at my waist and pulled down my zipper.

Stealing a quick look around, I was relieved to see the tables around us were

**"EVERY TIME
HER PUSSY
CONTRACTED
AROUND MY DICK,
HER LEGS CLAMPED
AROUND ME."**

empty. Everyone was either on the dance floor or at the bar on the other side of the ballroom. No one was paying attention to the solo groomsman at the dark table in the corner.

Relaxing into my seat, I pulled the tablecloth further over my lap to ensure I was covered. By that point my dick was already pushing against the soft skin of Casey's palm. She slid her hand up and down my shaft, gently awakening all of my nerves.

When she traced her fingertip along the underside of my dick, I sucked in a breath so hard that I thought for sure someone would hear me. But the pulsing dance music drowned out any noise I made. Allowing myself to find comfort in the cover that the darkness and loud music of the ballroom provided, I tilted my head back and surrendered completely.

After Casey lulled me into a nice, calm state with the soothing strokes of her palm, she wrapped her warm, wet lips around the tip of my dick. Shocked by the sudden change, my body jolted, pitching me forward into the edge of the table.

Taking my reaction in stride, Casey smoothed her hand over my thigh, soothing the jittering nerves that made my muscles quake. Then she lowered her mouth onto me again, slowly descending my shaft until my dick tapped at the back of her throat.

After a few more exploratory strokes, Casey's languid slide of her lips developed a distinctive rhythm. It didn't take long for me to realize she was matching her strokes to the beat of the music. Long notes were marked by a slow and steady descent from the crown to the base while short notes heralded quick, staccato pumps that had Casey's lips catching on the crown of my dick.

Casey suddenly released my dick from her mouth. The cool air of the room collided with my wet flesh, sending shivers down my spine. Right as Casey took mercy on me by tracing her tongue around the head of my dick, someone returned to the table.

Another groomsman took a seat across from me and offered me a quick smile and nod. Even as my heart pounded against my ribcage, I maintained my composure, carefully exuding an aura of indifference. Meanwhile I mentally begged every deity I could think of to make sure this dude didn't extend his legs far beneath the table and discover my companion.

Casey clearly heard him join us. Though her lips never left my dick, her body shifted closer to me, nestling between my legs to avoid detection.

Thankfully, a bridesmaid appeared to save us both. She tapped the guy on the shoulder, "You promised you would dance with me to this song!"

Without another glance at me, they were gone. Perfect timing, too—two seconds later I spurted hot semen down



Casey's throat. It was incredible.

Slowly sliding me from her mouth a few seconds later, Casey licked me clean before tucking my erection back into my tuxedo pants.

Ever the gentleman, I glanced around the hall to make sure no one was looking our way before I pulled Casey up to her seat. When she surfaced, I noted with satisfaction that although Casey's lips were a vibrant red before she'd ducked under the table, not a trace of color remained. Her hair was tousled, too, her thick curls springing free from their pins.

My dick twitched in my pants again, ready for round two in record time.

No longer willing to wait until there was a bed available, I grabbed Casey's hand and pulled her to the patio door, which was conveniently behind our table. The ground outside the windows was pitched, so you could see the top of the hill from the ballroom windows, but a few feet down the hill you'd become invisible.

Placing my jacket on the grass, I laid Casey down out of sight of the ballroom's plate glass windows. Eager to help, Casey rolled the skirt of her dress over her hips and ass. The only thing that stood between me and Casey's pussy was a purple silken thong.

The thong was flimsy and thin, the material molded to her moistened pink pussy lips. Since I hadn't yet had the privilege of exploring Casey's body, the only thing that could have manufactured that wetness was her deep-throating my dick at the dinner table. Knowing that me fucking her mouth had gotten Casey's cunt that wet was almost hotter than the blowjob.

Almost.

Not wanting to waste another minute before getting inside Casey, I fished out a condom I'd hidden in the jacket of my tux—just in case. Plenty of my friends had gotten lucky at weddings, so I've always been ready for my turn.

Before I could roll the latex onto my dick, Casey grabbed the condom from my grasp and whispered, "Let me."

She pulled me down on top of her and rolled us until she sat on top of me, straddling my hips. Then she shimmed down my body and eased open my pants.

When my erection sprang free, Casey stroked it reverently. She ripped open the condom wrapper with her teeth and sucked the tip of the rubber between her lips. Then her mouth was on me again, slowly rolling the condom all the way down the length of my shaft.

This time I did give into my urge to groan. The ground seemed to shake beneath me. I couldn't wait another minute to fuck this woman.

Rolling us a second time, I used my thighs to spread Casey's legs. Grabbing her behind the knee, I hitched her leg up around my hip and positioned my dick at her entrance in one smooth move.

Casey whimpered when I pressed against her. She yanked her underwear to the side, and I eased my hips forward until my dick breached her. Then I sank inside, one blissful inch at a time.

I'd nearly hit bottom when Casey wound her legs around me and hooked her ankles at my back. She licked at my lips and whispered, "Don't be shy. I want all of you."

Then she flexed her legs, ramming herself against me. When there wasn't a whisper of space left between us, Casey started to grind against me, rolling her hips so that every thrust rubbed her clit against my body.

I tried to slow the pace, to prolong our pleasure, but Casey was a woman unhinged. With her ankles locked around my waist and my dick entirely inside her, she had complete control over my body. A slight rock of her heels against my back made me buck, driving

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▷ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

my dick even deeper inside her.

Every time her pussy contracted around my dick, her legs clamped around me as well. That meant I was limited to pulling out only an inch or so each time. The result was a series of short, hard pumps that made the tension in my body coil tighter and tighter.

When Casey's legs couldn't hold me any closer, her arms got in on the action as well. She lazily stroked her fingers up and down my back, digging her nails in hard whenever her pussy started to pulse.

It was all way too much, yet somehow not enough. Determined to hear my name on Casey's lips, I began to gyrate my hips, making a few exploratory thrusts before finally finding an angle that made Casey moan on impact. Every. Single. Time.

When my own vision fogged and my balls began to tingle, Casey let out a strangled groan. An orgasm began to rock her body, forcing her to untangle her legs from around my body and drop her feet to the ground.

As her last tremors of pleasure faded, she whispered my name over and over again. Flicking her tongue against the sensitive spot beneath my earlobe, Casey

whispered, "Stay with me tonight."

It was all I needed to hear. My second orgasm was even more intense than the first. As I unleashed my come, bright splotches of color filled my vision. Dipping my head down, I closed my eyes and gave myself over completely to the sensations rolling over my body.

When there wasn't another drop of cream left inside me, my body sagged against Casey's. After taking a few deep breaths, I found the energy to whisper, "I'd love to."

I'll be visiting home a lot more often in the future.

—R.T., Nashville, Tennessee

❶ LOST IN LUST

The woman in the red bandanna kept catching my eye. She was the hottest one by far among the group we were leading up into the high forest on a daytime walking tour. And the youngest, too. She was much closer to my own age of 30. Unlike the other matronly types on

the tour, she took to the physical activity with zest, striding up the trail and flashing her shapely bare legs. I liked how her hiking shorts molded her tight little butt, and the way her breasts pushed out against the flannel shirt she had tied in a knot at her navel.

She made my cock stir, but, of course, I had my hands full getting the others up the mountain, as did the other guides. The women all belonged to some society group, and it wouldn't do for me to be flirting with one of their number. So I settled for secret ogling of the red bandanna babe.

The day was bright and warm, and the woods were as splendid as they always were. The ladies oohed and aaahed appropriately at the scenery, asking questions about the flora and fauna. We gave them our spiels, as learned area experts.

We paused at the area's highest point, where many of the trails cut away into the trees. It was easy to get lost up there if you didn't have a map or know your way around. My fellow guides would lead the party on a nice safe loop through the preserve, then back down the hill to the bus in the parking lot.

I was giving a speech about the forest's history when I saw the woman in the bandanna circling slowly behind the others, who were paying rapt attention to me. The other guides were busy passing around canteens of water.

The woman was moving with slinky steps, lifting and flexing her legs as she stretched them out. I realized with a start that she was staring at me with a big grin. She stopped, turned, and, without the others seeing, ran her hands up her thighs, onto her flat belly—then up under her shirt!

Shocked, I watched her hands move up to her tits. She was feeling herself up as she grinned back at me! Somehow I managed to stay coherent, even as desire shot through me. It was everything I could do not to get a blazing hard-on right in



front of all those prim and proper ladies.

Red bandanna girl kept it up, now moving one hand down to rub blatantly at the crotch of her shorts. She wagged her tongue at me. It was like she was yelling: "Come over here and fuck me!"

I was pretty flustered at the end of my little talk, after which we resumed our venture into the woods. I desperately wanted to get over to that saucy show-off, to at least sidle up and trade a personal hello with her. But she seemed to slip away into the crowd whenever I moved toward her. Plus, the older women kept asking me questions.

There was no getting away from the job I had to do. The ladies had to be guided along, their needs adequately met. The charitable society they belonged to helped fund the nature preserve, and their patronage was valued and necessary.

So I bit the bullet, with images of that hot woman touching herself burning in my brain all the while. I would find time to talk to her, even if I had to wait until we got everybody down to the bus again. Man, I wanted to kiss, lick and fuck her, and her behavior suggested she'd like that as well.

Eventually, we had made our circuit of the wooded mountaintop and started back downhill. The large gaggle of ladies seemed pleased with their adventure. I traded looks of relief with the other two guides.

But I was a lot more interested in communicating with that flirtatious woman in the red bandanna. On the way down, I kept looking around for her. The red kerchief should have made her easy to spot, but maybe she was still playing coy with me. I hoped the whole display hadn't just been a tease, though even if it were, I would still cherish those images of her feeling herself up.

When we got everyone to the bus, I did a head count. One missing. My little flirt. I looked back up the hill, puzzled. She couldn't have gotten lost, not with a crowd that big. She must have deliberately slipped away. Was she



"HER TONGUE SWIRLED AROUND MY COCK, SENDING A BOLT OF PLEASURE THROUGH ME."

waiting for me up there?

As the bus prepared to leave, I told my coworkers to inform anybody who noticed she was gone that I would drive the woman back to the city myself. I jogged up the mountain, exertion and hopeful desire making me pant. The air was silent but for the birds and the soft breeze rustling the trees.

Looking around at the maze of trails, I froze. Which one? Then I saw it: the bandanna. The piece of red cloth lay at the start of a trail. Was it a sign or had she just dropped it? I hurried down the path, which wound away into the woods.

At a place where another trail crossed, I found her flannel shirt. Holy shit! She was walking around in her bra! I had to see that. I ran down the new trail.

When I came upon her hiking shorts discarded on the ground, my cock stiffened instantly. But she wasn't making this easy. She was switching paths,

leading me on a merry chase. I raced on, eager for the payoff.

Her bra, her panties, then finally her hiking boots brought me to the edge of a lush meadow nestled among the trees. The wind waved the tall grass. Suddenly, I caught a glimpse of her naked body! She darted through the fronds. I heard pixie-like laughter ring out.

I didn't need to be told what to do. Quickly, I stripped off my sweaty clothes, freeing my aching hard cock. I plunged into the waving grasses, feeling the individual blades tickle my exposed flesh.

I ran after her, following her laughter and straining to catching tantalizing peeks of her bare flesh. She made quite a game of it, but I was fast and I cut her off.

She stood before me now, her skin painted by the sunlight. Her hair stuck to her moist forehead and shoulders. Her tits were high and firm, the nipples stiff and rosy. Her body was gorgeously toned.

She grinned, her face alight with lust.

We lunged at one another. I took her in my arms, and our mouths mashed together. She growled like a cat as our tongues tangled wildly. Her skin was smooth, the muscles beneath strung like fine cables.

She grabbed two handfuls of my ass, sinking her fingers into my flesh. She pressed her tits against me, and I reached between us to grope for one shapely breast. I squeezed her nipple between my thumb and finger. She moaned deep in her throat and seized my cock in her snug grip.

LETTERS

▷ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

She started to pump me with a knowing rhythm. I moved my hand down to trace her slick pussy lips. We were still kissing ravenously, tongues trying to reach one another's tonsils.

I wanted to get a taste of her pussy, but she was faster with her mouth than me. She broke our kiss and dropped to her knees. Her tongue swirled around my cockhead, sending a bolt of pleasure through me.

Then her lips sealed themselves tightly around my knob, and she began sucking her way down my shaft. I looked down, lost in lust, as my cock disappeared into her hungry mouth. She held my balls, adding to my extreme pleasure.

Her head rocked back and forth. She took me into her throat with every skilled lunge. If I had any doubts that she liked what she was doing, her passionate moans convinced me. The meadow seemed to spin around me, and I started thrusting instinctively at her open mouth. I warned her I was about to come, but she wouldn't let me pull away. She blew me relentlessly, sending me over the edge.

My orgasm exploded in a burst of

rapture. My balls tightened in her gentle grip, then my jizz was flying. Her hot mouth trapped every spurt as I cried out, my voice sounding across the field. Finally, the last salvo flew.

I sank into the grass. I gazed at her through a haze of lingering ecstasy. She had swallowed every drop of my load. I could barely believe my luck. She was so incredibly lovely, so enticing.

I told her to lay back. I moved between her outspread thighs. I breathed in the aroma of her pussy as I set my face above

**“HER PUSSY
CLENCHED MY
COCK, SQUEEZING
PLEASURE FROM
ME WITH
EVERY PLUNGE.”**

it. When I took a first lick of her damp folds, her body jumped the same way mine had when she'd lapped at me.

I ran my tongue up and down her groove, then slipped it inside. I felt her heat and interior silkiness. Sliding my fingers under her, I cupped her ass. I probed her deeper, getting a full taste of her. Her pussy brimmed with nectar.

As I ate her, my erection reawakened—if it had ever gone away entirely at all. My cock stirred against the whispery grass as I feasted on her pussy. Her hips started jerking, and she reached for a fistful of my hair and began to hump hard against my mouth. I drilled her as deep as I could, feeling her juices flowing around me. Then she let out a wild yelp, and I felt her orgasm ricochet throughout her whole body.

Panting and invigorated by ecstasy, she was ready for me when I reared up, my cock standing tall again. I put my cockhead to her drenched pussy. She wrapped her legs around me, pulling me inside as her fingers dug into my shoulders.

I slammed my cock home, plowing her all the way and touching some profound inner place that set her body bucking again. It didn't seem to be another climax. It was more like a continuous orgasmic event, one where she wriggled and writhed in a crazy haze of lust.

I wasted no time. I fucked her hard as her pussy clenched my cock, squeezing new pleasure from me with every plunge. Our bodies smacked together, the sound drowning out the birdsong in the surrounding trees.

My body quaked as hers did the same beneath me. Then bliss rose up and crashed over me. I was jetting again, this time deep in her pussy. I felt lost in the pleasure, like I was still pursuing her through the forest.

I hope I'll get to give her another private tour of my most favorite place on earth.

—R.G., via email



DEALMAKER

You've probably heard the words of wisdom about not sleeping around where you work. But most of the people I know have managed to hook up with their future spouses by making the most of their work-related networks. The feminists today get pissed, but it's a tale as old as time: men hit on women at conferences, colleagues have affairs—extramarital affairs even—and female supervisors flirt with male subordinates as well. I don't even bat an eye when I catch my male underlings staring at my tits when I wear a tight sweater. Aren't we human, after all?

However, most people absolutely refuse to attempt any kind of fun involving family members of the boss—especially the boss's daughter. Well, I am her, and I've made it my sport, if not my business, to see who among my dad's employees I can get to sleep with me—and naturally, the more elite the employee, the better.

I let my first college boyfriend pop my cherry at 18, and from there, you could say my ambitions soared. Under the guise of being pretty, preppy and precocious, I used to love taking note of which men in my dad's company were staring at my ass on the tennis court when he'd have meetings at the country club, and who at the company BBQ was studying my firm young tits in my skimpy bikini top. And you might even be surprised to know that some of the middle-aged female executives were even more lecherous than their husbands!

After I turned 21, I tried out my new "super powers" in earnest when I interned at the company that summer. I managed to get one junior partner to fuck me in the parking garage in the back of my dad's Mercedes. I stole the guy's necktie and kept it as a souvenir—and everyone kept asking him what happened to it when he returned to work later that afternoon!

And since I like girls, too, I was super



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proud of myself when I managed to nail a female intern in the gym sauna. Our company's building has an entire fitness floor, with a pool and a spa. And I waited until she went into the locker room and followed her into the shower. It's always the shy girls who end up the most wild, of course. We started off tonguing one another in the shower, and then moved to the sauna for a nasty 69 where we stuffed one another's pussies with fingers and tongues.

Anyway, whenever I was home from college and got to attend a corporate function, I made it my goal to do at least one fuckable person in attendance. But there was one guy who intrigued me but kept giving me the slip.

Phillip was a hot UK import. He'd gone to the best schools and was really smart, and also quite hot in that lanky, blue-eyed Englishman way. I honestly could never figure out why he didn't ever bring a girlfriend to any corporate events. According to my sources, he wasn't gay—and I didn't think he was asexual either, since he'd once mentioned an ex-girlfriend in some context or another.

I always went out of my way to flirt with Phillip, but he seemed aloof. And without intending to sound too cocky, let's just say I'm not one to usually experience rejection. I'm a tall, slender brunette, with light blue eyes and shoulder-length hair. I have a soft olive-toned complexion and smooth, supple skin. My other genetic gifts include an impressive set of 34Ds.

I love to wear tight-fitting blouses and skirts around the office, and for parties, I always don daring couture. That's half the fun. Everyone has their eye on the boss's daughter, but few attendees are brave enough to do more than look. Well, Phillip was one man I paid attention to whenever he was around. I tried not to make it too obvious of course, but it honestly annoyed me that he wasn't as easy as some of my other conquests.

For example, Jim, a now-retired vice president, was all too eager to risk his pension for a quickie with me on his desk—while my dad was on a conference call just one floor below. Jim—at the time I fucked him—was 60 and divorced. Phillip was somewhere in his late 20s I suspected, when I first sized him up.

Some time had passed since I first met Phillip. I'd finished college and had an incredible year abroad in Italy before I came back to intern for another summer with my dad. By then, I was 23—and I found out later Phillip was 32. Anyway, if his charm and that English accent were not already enough to keep me intrigued, the thought of never scoring the one conquest I was really, really into just about drove me nuts.

A month into my internship that summer, my dad asked me to help coordinate our charity gala, and that's when I decided I make a full-court press for Phillip.

We rented a beautiful house in the hills for the occasion, and it was a warm California night. The older crowd mostly hung out inside, but around the garden and pool, we had a band and people were dancing. I saw Phillip alone at the outdoor bar and asked him for a dance. I was wearing a backless, halter-top gown with a plunging neckline.

"Lady's choice?" I extended my hand.

"Of course." Gotta love British guys for being polite. "How are you, Estella?"

"I've been busy," I replied, gesturing to the event around us.

"I can see that. Everything's been wonderful—great job." We stepped on to the dance floor.

"Well, thank you, and congratulations, by the way. I heard you got promoted again."

Phillip smiled modestly as he said, "Yes—I've entered the inner circle of the firm, I suppose." He rested his hands on my lower back, careful to keep them right on the line between my skin and the dip of my gown.

I pressed a little closer to him and lowered my voice. "Well, you can get inside even more, you know."

Phillip smiled. "Estella, it seems like you're trying to get me into trouble."

"Hardly. I just want you to celebrate this milestone in the way that you deserve."

"Tut-tut—your father's watching." He gestured to the upper deck.





I flashed my dad my most winning smile and waved. He waved back and then was quickly swept into another discussion as more guests vied for his time.

I whispered to Phillip, "He's not watching now."

Then I made my move. I reached inside the bodice of my gown. Earlier, in anticipation of having a chance with Phillip, I'd taken off my skimpy lace G-string and tucked it into my dress, right below my breasts. And now I retrieved the panties and stuck them inside his jacket pocket.

Phillip looked nonplussed. Ever the dry Englishman, he glanced down at his pocket and remarked: "Does he know what you get up to?"

"Hardly. But that's not what concerns me. I'm interested in getting you up—if you're game."

"Rugby's a game. Fucking is something else."

"Good, then you can show me." I smirked, and finally then, Phillip's facade seemed to slip a little.

"Are you serious, Estella?"

"Yes. Although, you're the one who pointed out it's not a game...but I think it's quite fun." The music ended, and people applauded. "But if you do want to play—or fuck—follow me."

Phillip raised his eyebrows, and I motioned toward the edge of the patio. I meandered through the crowd a little bit ahead of him, moving slowly, so it wouldn't look like we were spiriting off together. But every time I looked back through the crowd, I could see Phillip sizing me up, every inch of me.

I headed to the tiny pool house on the

"HE FUCKED ME UNTIL I CAME AND MADE ME CLEAN HIS DICK WITH MY TONGUE."

very edge of the grounds that I'd scouted out earlier. But, believe it or not, Phillip had somehow beaten me there. He held open the door for me.

"Well...here you are," I said, unable to hide my surprise.

"Yes, well, I inferred where you were going and took a little shortcut."

I laughed, but he shut me up with a kiss. I pulled the door shut and let him yank me down onto the couch. And that's when the mild-mannered Englishman surprised me with his beastly nature.

I gasped as Phillip ripped off the clasp of my halter, exposing my tits. He pinched my left nipple and licked the other one. "I bet you're already wet, aren't you?" he whispered.

"Why don't you find out?" I challenged.

Phillip's fingers found my clit instantly. "Oh my," he whispered, sliding a finger inside me. "You have been a busy, busy girl!"

"Fuck me, please!"

Phillip tsked. "I think you need to earn your reward." He tossed off his tuxedo

jacket and unzipped his pants.

I stared entranced at his huge uncut cock, then made eye contact with him as I knelt down and opened my mouth as wide as it could go.

Phillip grabbed my hair and thrust himself inside, making me swallow down almost the entire length of his dick in one go. He groaned, and then said, "You get my cock wet, too, and then I'll fuck your cunt. And then I'll make you lick your pussy juices off it."

I scratched his buttocks with my fingernails, sucking and gagging—and getting wetter by the minute.

Finally, when I thought I was going to drown in a puddle of my own juice, Phillip pulled his cock out of my mouth and put me down on the floor. With my legs over his shoulders, he entered me and we started fucking.

And as he'd promised, he fucked me until I came and then made me clean his dick with my tongue. We screwed until daybreak. I had only anticipated a little quickie. I was also used to calling all the shots, but with Phillip I got in way deeper than I ever expected. For the first time ever, my conquest captured me.

—E.P., Portland, Oregon

We always say it's better to be chased than chaste. If you've had an experience that will turn on fellow readers and inspire them to do a little pursuing of their own, tell us about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department PC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



BUSINESS TRIP

WHITNEY'S PERSONAL ASSISTANT HELPS
HER GET THE JOB DONE RIGHT.













“THIS IS MY FAVORITE TYPE OF
PROFESSIONAL MERGER!”

—WHITNEY







CHOOSING SIDES

Mark, my husband, had been cheating on me, so I had already decided to have revenge sex. I'd accidentally seen the texts and pictures he was trading with a woman who worked at his office. There was no mistaking what the two of them had been doing.

So, I would go out and fuck some guy, and then make sure Mark found out about it. It would balance things out. I had been faithful so far throughout our 10 year marriage, so this would be something of an adventure.

But my instincts told me to hit the gym first. It wasn't that I was in sorry shape, but the nude photos of Mark's side dish had me feeling a bit self-conscious. I wanted the toned, ripped body I'd had back when I was single.

The local gym is great and staffed by two talented personal trainers, Sid and Jamal. Both noticed me showing up virtually every day for two weeks running. I felt trimmer and tighter almost immediately. But I kept pushing myself,

wanting to face my unknown future lover with as perfect a physique as possible.

Really, though, I didn't have any clue where I would meet somebody. My flirting skills were a bit atrophied after a decade.

"Mrs. D, you're really going all out!" Sid said, making sure I didn't overdo it on the weight machine.

"Are you trying to qualify for the Olympics?" Jamal asked later, laughing as he helped me through a toning routine.

I enjoyed the attention. Was I deluding myself, or were the two men showing me special interest? I thought there was a gleam of lust in their eyes now and then when they interacted with me. Sometimes, the workouts I asked them to put me through got somewhat hands-on. It seemed lately that their touches were warmer and lingered longer.

Of course, I didn't dare make a flirty move toward either man. If I was wrong, it would be mortifying. Instead, I played the game in my head, wondering which handsome young guy would be the better sex partner for me. Sometimes I would root for Team Sid, other times Team Jamal. It was pure fantasy.

Or was it?

One afternoon, as I was sweating and pumping my way through a regimen, Sid came to check on me. Or check me out, judging by his blatantly roving eyes. He looked me up and down with a simmering smile on his enticing lips. Then he gazed into my face and said huskily, "It's times like this that I wish you weren't married, Mrs. D."

My jaw dropped as he walked away. Dazed, I threw myself back into my exercises. A few minutes later, Jamal happened by. He gave me the same kind of flagrant ogling, with desire lighting his handsome features. He was even more direct, when he said, "I'd like to give you a personal workout sometime."

Again, I was stunned. My two favorite walking sexual daydreams had just hit on me! It was unmistakable. Suddenly, I was confronted with the reality of what I'd set out to do after finding out about Mark's infidelity. Both of these trainers evidently wanted to fuck me.

But which one was I supposed to choose?

It was too much to consider right then. I got out of there, went home and spent a long night pondering my options. I felt flattered. Sid was a tad more muscular. Jamal's features were a touch more classically masculine. But both men were quite attractive.

With Mark snoring beside me in the bed, I fingered my pussy. I played one fantasy in my mind, then the other, until I bit my lip to silence myself as I climaxed. My husband still had no idea I knew about him cheating on me.

I had to work late the next day and didn't get to the gym until near closing. I still didn't know which man I would choose, but I told myself I was ready for this. My tightened and toned body hummed with anticipation.

The last patron was leaving as I walked in. Sid and Jamal both stood there, grinning at me. Jamal said, "We



thought you weren't going to show. Glad you made it!"

The gym looked strange, as empty as it was. I said I didn't want to be rude by making them stay open, but Jamal waved off my words as Sid went to lock the door. "How about we make this a private session, just for you?"

I jerked a nod, looking back and forth between the two men. I could smell the sweat on them. Their snug workout gear was molded to their muscular bodies. I realized they were both sporting serious bulges in their pants. I was nearly overcome by the sight of them.

Without warning, I blurted out: "I can't pick between the two of you!"

Together, they said, "Then don't."

With that, I finally understood. They had both been hitting on me. They both wanted me—at the same time!

When they moved toward me, I froze for a second or two. Sid stepped in behind me, and Jamal pressed himself to my front. Their arms encircled me. I felt their swollen cocks through their pants. Desire shivered through me. I thrust my tits against Jamal's hard pecs and pushed my ass back against Sid's crotch.

Sid nuzzled the nape of my neck, raising gooseflesh all over me. Jamal put his mouth to mine. The kiss started gently, then turned into a grinding tangle of eager tongues. Sid rubbed his hard-on against my ass cheeks. His hand came around to grope my right tit. Jamal closed his hand over the left.

I felt breathless when the kiss broke. They shut off the gym's front lights. We went toward the rear, away from the windows. Back where there were workout mats on the floor.

The moment seemed halfway unreal to me, like I was still home in bed playing with my pussy. But my need was definitely real, igniting every packet of nerves in me, so that all of my flesh felt keenly alive.

Sid and Jamal started stripping, as if this were the most normal thing in the



world. They evidently had no problem being naked in front of one another as they tossed off the last of their clothing and stood radiantly nude and gleaming. Their cocks were gloriously hard.

They helped me out of my clothes. I thought of how intimately involved they'd been in the shaping of my physical form.

"THEY EVIDENTLY HAD NO PROBLEM BEING NAKED IN FRONT OF ONE ANOTHER."

When I flung aside my panties, body completely bare, the hungry looks they gave me were very gratifying.

We lay down on the soft mats, me between the two lovely men. This time I kissed Sid, batting his nimble tongue with mine. Jamal caressed my skin, sliding his hand down to my thigh, then back up to my tits. He plucked at my stiffened nipples as my desire grew more urgent.

Still sucking face with Sid, I reached boldly for both erect cocks. The two men jumped when I took them in hand. It occurred to me in some distant corner of my mind that I'd never had anything even close to a threeway before.

I would have expected it to be at least a little awkward, but my two new lovers moved smoothly on either side of me. I turned to kiss Jamal again, and Sid moved down to start sucking on my tit. I pumped the two cocks in unison, and Jamal reached down to graze his fingertips along my slick pussy lips.

Sid kept kissing and licking his way down my body. Neatly, he slid down between my open legs. Jamal's fingers spread my folds. He held me like that as Sid put his tongue to my pussy. A whip-like crack of pleasure hit me, and I groaned against Jamal's mouth.

Sid's tongue worked me up and down, in and out. I found myself rolling onto my side, facing him. I reached for the hunched shoulders between my thighs. As he lapped hungrily at my throbbing clitoris, I humped his face. Ecstasy gathered within me, driving my body toward orgasmic fury.

I still had Jamal's cock in my hand, but he slipped free as he shifted around on the mats to kneel beside my head. His erect organ bobbed temptingly above my face.

Instinctively I put my mouth on him. His crown was smooth and swollen. I tasted his pre-come, then sealed my lips around him. As I dropped my mouth down, he thrust at my face. I took him all in one luscious lunge.

Sid lifted his face from between my legs. He shifted upward, and I felt the probing knob of his cockhead at my drenched pussy entrance. I raised my hips, welcoming him in. Even as I continued to suck Jamal's staff, Sid's cock slid into my pussy.

LETTERS

▾ STEPPING OUT

The pleasure was almost too intense. Sid stroked into me, touching my deepest places, while Jamal fucked my mouth. Somehow it was all still perfectly choreographed. I wondered how often these two men had done this with women. I felt no jealousy, just gratitude that they'd perfected their technique so I could enjoy the experience.

Sid's speed picked up. My pussy grasped him, and I fondled Jamal's balls as his cock plowed my mouth. Sid fucked my pussy even harder, and I raised my body to eagerly meet his.

Bliss soon seized me, and I bucked wildly between the two men as orgasmic wonder flooded my body.

My two lovers slowed, then stopped, letting me regain my composure. I grinned at them. Somehow they knew just what to do next. Sid came up to kneel by my head, and Jamal moved into position between my outspread thighs.

Sid's cock was glistening with my pussy juice. I took him into my mouth, tasting myself and him all at once. At

the same instant, Jamal sank his staff into my pussy.

They worked together, their stroking cocks finding an almost identical rhythm, and as before, it was perfect. We performed as a flawless trio. My mouth moved up and down on Sid's meat. I sucked him right down to his balls. Jamal plunged into me, reaching the same spots Sid had touched moments ago.

New pleasure built within me, intense, fiery and powerful. Once again, their erotic timing was amazingly precise. My climax came boiling up through my being. This time they were with me. Separated by maybe half a second, the two men let loose their come into me.

I drank Sid's cream and accepted Jamal's hot come into my pussy. My own climax swept me to impossible heights. In that distant mental corner I thought maybe I wouldn't tell my husband about this. After all I was ahead now, two to one.

—M.D., Los Angeles, California

🕒 WORK WIFE

Janie was married, but I liked to watch her from my office anyway. She wore tight skirts of appropriate lengths. Pencil skirts to be exact. She also wore high heels but not ridiculously high. Her blouses were always demure, but there was no hiding a body like hers.

Her fashion choices accented her God-given body beautifully, and every time she brought me a file or asked me a question, my dick got hard. And when she leaned over my desk to point out some number or other on a spreadsheet, my cock got even harder.

More than once I'd had to go into my private bathroom and jerk off, remembering the brush of her full breast against my arm or the smell of her perfume or the tickle of a shiny lock of hair that touched my skin.

I started to wonder if those moments of contact were innocent accidents—or if she wanted me the way I wanted her.

We both ended up working on a recent Saturday to deal with a project for a pain-in-the-ass client. Janie was out doing her bit, while I was in my office doing mine. She wandered in wearing faded jeans and a sleeveless blouse with about a million tiny buttons down the front. Her pretty feet were in flat silver sandals, but her unprofessional look didn't detract from the fact that she radiated sex like a beacon.

"I called about the truck that's supposed to come in an hour to get all these files for storage. They're running behind."

She dropped into a chair and swung a leg over the arm of it. I thanked the gods of Saturday work because I'd never seen her dressed so casually before and looking at that faded denim hugging her curves had my cock aching.

"Can I buy you a coffee, then? And by buy, I mean: Do you want me to go make a pot?" I asked, considering a cup myself.



I would have stood, but my hard-on was like a divining rod.

She tapped her chin as if thinking. "Maybe later."

I nodded, watching her shift in the chair. Her breasts jiggled, and her hair swayed as she placed two feet on the floor.

"Do you ever think about me?" she asked out of the blue.

"I...um...how?" I shifted in my chair, causing my cock to rub against my jeans. Bad move.

"Like dirty thoughts." She cocked an eyebrow and ran her hand through her long brown hair.

"Am I really supposed to answer that?"

She sat up and leaned forward, with her elbows on her knees. Her position pressed her tits together and formed a tempting line of cleavage.

"Yes," she said.

Taking a deep breath, I nodded. "Yeah, I do. I do think about you."

"Like what exactly?"

"I can't, Janie..."

She unbuttoned the top button of her blouse. "Please, tell me."

"I think about what you'd look like with those tits out," I said bluntly.

Color flooded her cheeks, and she nodded. "Keep telling me stuff like that, and you'll probably get to see."

I slid my hand beneath the desk and rubbed my cock briefly.

"What else?"

"I sometimes wonder what you taste like."

She unbuttoned another button, and my heart stuttered in my chest.

"Taste like?" she asked, being coy.

"If I were to eat your pussy, I wonder what it would taste like," I elaborated. My heart was beating crazily, and my pulse was pounding in my dick like a drum.

"Oh, I like the sound of that. I'd wondered what it would be like if you went down on me. If you held my thighs open with those big, strong arms of yours and licked me until I came."



"I LICKED HER FASTER, MAKING TIGHT WET CIRCLES WITH THE RIGID TIP OF MY TONGUE."

I glanced at my own arms as if surprised to find them there. I was actually just surprised she noticed me that way—that she thought of me that way.

"I can arrange that, if you're interested," I answered, now knowing I could be bold.

She moved her hands to unbutton another button, and I made a negative sound. "How about taking your jeans off instead?"

Janie looked surprised for a moment, then she wriggled in her seat and smiled. She stood, popped the button on her waistband and dragged the zipper down, taking her sweet time as she tried to tease me.

It was working.

She pulled her jeans down slowly, and my heart damn near stopped. She was wearing plain white underwear. I could detect a hint of dark pubes through the thin cotton.

My cock jerked in my pants, and I curled my fingers against my thigh

because what I really wanted was to plunge balls-deep into her—or jerk off until I came so hard my eyes crossed.

She sat back in the chair and let her legs splay a little.

"What else?"

"Obviously, I wonder what it would feel like to sink into you, slow and deep. Be buried in your pussy up to my balls."

She hummed softly and undid two more buttons on her top. She pinched her nipples through her shirt so fast that I thought I might have imagined it.

"I think your cock would taste the way you smell. Clean, and maybe a little like sandalwood."

I swallowed hard and then reached beneath the desk and unzipped my pants. "You think about that? How I'd taste?"

She nodded, her blue eyes bright in the sunlight streaming through the window.

"I do. I think about what it would be like for you to take me from behind. To grab my hips and plunge into me. I always get wet around you. I'm wet right now," she said and pulled the crotch of her panties aside, so I could see the glistening cherry red of her pretty cunt.

I moaned, wrapped my hand around my dick and gave it a good tug.

"I think you might need to fuck me soon," she said.

She slid her fingertip along her wetness, carried it up and traced circles around her clit. The chair was close enough to the desk that I could see her fingers shaking.

"I can do that. Come here. Get on my

LETTERS

▾ STEPPING OUT

desk." I patted the blotter right in front of me. She stood and unbuttoned her top until her tits fell free. She was braless, and her nipples were a gorgeous shade of brownish pink.

She came closer, and I pulled down her panties. Then I patted the desk again, and she hopped up. I didn't ask her to spread her legs; I simply pushed them wide. I slid my chair back until I could bend and meet her pussy with my mouth.

I could smell how ripe and ready she was. A small bit of her juices trickled out of her opening to stain my blotter. I pushed a finger inside her. Her tight wet cunt gripped me, and I thought my brain would shut down from my excitement. I kissed her clit until she jerked, then I repeatedly nudged it with my tongue until her hands came down and gripped my hair so hard my eyes watered.

I licked her faster, making tight wet circles with the rigid tip of my tongue. I pushed a second finger inside her, and she made a desperate sound. Her hips rocked up, and I fucked her that way for a moment.

We'd had our intense verbal foreplay, so her pussy was popping. I simply

pumped my fingers repeatedly as I licked her, occasionally murmuring against her cunt lips.

She came with a loud cry, wetness rushing out of her and drenching my fingers. I took a shuddering breath and stood.

Janie lay back on my big desk and watched me push my pants down. Her eyes never left me as I worked my cock with my fist.

She held a hand up and said, "It's bigger than I thought. Longer. I want to taste it. I have to taste it. I'm serious."

**"THERE WAS AN
ADDICTIVE
QUALITY TO
WATCHING HER
PRETTY FACE AS
SHE CLIMAXED."**

She slipped from the desk and got on her knees in front of me. She licked me and sucked me hungrily.

I grabbed the back of her head and fucked her mouth faster. She swirled her tongue around my cockhead and then pulled back to drag her open mouth up one side of my dick and down the other.

I had to remind myself to breathe.

She cupped my balls, hefted them and gave them a gentle squeeze.

A growl ripped out of me, and I pulled free of her.

"Up on the desk," I snapped.

I'd had so many fantasies about fucking her—some other guy's wife. I couldn't wait any more.

She draped herself across my desk and spread her legs. She was wetter than before, which I didn't think was possible, and yet, there is was—her pussy a slick, rosy gash waiting for me to fill it.

I grabbed her and hauled her to the edge of the desktop, before knocking her legs wide, playing the tip of my dick over her slick opening.

"Hurry," she said.

I wasn't the only one who couldn't wait.

I pushed into her, and her pussy engulfed me. She was small and tight, and it was an exquisite feeling being swallowed up by her warm, wet body. I watched her move to meet me, watched how she shuddered every time my pubic bone hit her clit. She played with her nipples, pinching them, drawing them out and then letting them spring back.

I had to look away because I feared I'd come from watching her.

I grabbed her hips and hauled her against me as I thrust forward.

"Yes, like that. Like that. Harder," she demanded.

She bucked wildly in my arms, and I slammed into her, anchoring her with my hands.

She came quick, her pussy muscles spasming delightfully around my cock, and I had to grind my jaw painfully hard to keep from coming then and there.



There was an addictive quality to watching her pretty face as she climaxed. I wanted to see it again.

I fucked her a bit faster. I stared down at her face as I played my thumb across her fat clit.

She whimpered. She held her breath, and then blew out a big sigh. I pressed my thumb harder, rubbed more intensely and stared down at her as she quivered.

"Come on. Come for me."

"Harder," she said.

I pressed harder, furiously drawing circles on that tiny knot of flesh. She clenched her internal muscles around me, and I held my breath.

She contracted again, drawing her cunt up tight to taunt me. I stroked into her harder and faster.

"Yes, like that. Like that. Don't stop," she cooed.

Her hands were back on her tits, her fingers pinching and playing with those lovely nipples. She hissed and then said my name as she came, her pussy working me like a small, slippery fist.

"Jesus," I snarled.

I pulled free of her, wanting to see my jizz stripe her lovely tan skin. I came, painting her belly and her breasts with my hot come.

That had been my most enjoyable day at work in quite some time.

I don't know if Janie's husband knows what she's up to in her spare time, but I'm not about to tell him.

-Name and address withheld

❶ PICTURE PERFECT

My colleague, Amber, is a few years my senior at the consulting firm where we work. Our jobs involve considerable travel—as much as 60 percent of our time. And anyone who has to travel today knows the process is mostly no fun at all. If



TSA grope-downs, long lines, flight delays and crappy food aren't enough, anyone in our position invariably ends up at a disadvantage in their personal life because dating can be tough. I'm only in my late 20s, so I'm in no rush to settle down, but it does get kind of tiring always hitting up Tinder in order to hook up with girls for the weekend.

Amber, however, is married. She's in her mid-30s, and she'd committed to a man who is completely possessive and jealous. On a flight between Detroit and Seattle, I learned why—and no, it's not entirely because she's hot.

"The bastard cheated on me," she blurted out.

We were taking off, and just about to start enjoying our fourth round of drinks after being delayed in the terminal's bar for hours due to a thunderstorm. Loosened up by the liquor, Amber was in a candid mood.

"That's why he's always texting me, like, always. Because he cheated, he always thinks I will, too. And the idea has really gotten under his skin."

"And you guys aren't getting divorced?"

Amber shook her head. "It's...it's complicated—you know? Plus, divorce is expensive."

"That's for damn sure. I think the wedding industry and divorce lawyers are in cahoots."

Amber laughed, then added, "Anyway, he did it only one time, or so he claims. But I think that's bullshit. I would have been within my rights to walk, but he begged me to stay. And sure, I still

love him, so we do counseling." She took another sip of her drink, "And that went fine. But it's funny because now he's always looking over his shoulder, convinced that somehow I'll betray him."

"Well...would you?"

Our eyes met, and she kind of smiled. "Maybe. I don't know. I haven't decided."

"You haven't decided?"

Amber's phone lit up once more. "Oh, there he goes again."

She rolled her eyes and brought up the text message window.

I demurred and looked down at my magazine to give her some privacy.

"Well, that's interesting."

"What?"

"He says he can't Skype tonight. He has a 'last minute' appointment."

"So?"

"It's probably nothing, but I've been wondering if he runs around with this girl at his office. Some chick just out of college."

I shook my head. "I don't get it. Young babes are pretty, but I can't handle more than five minutes of conversation with them. And they usually suck in bed, and then there's the drama. If I were him..."

Amber interrupted me with a laugh. "What? If you were married, you'd cheat?"

"No, no, that's not what I'm saying. But if I were a guy looking to step out, I'd pick someone like...you."

Our eyes met again, and I flushed a bit as I explained, "You know, someone who is together, successful...experienced."

We were now at cruising altitude, and

LETTERS

▾ STEPPING OUT

“I SLID THREE FINGERS INSIDE HER, PUMPING THEM IN AND OUT OF HER SNUG SNATCH.”



Amber and I both got comfortable and drifted off. However, my nap was short-lived. I thought I was dreaming when I felt a hand caressing my thigh. I opened my eyes. The cabin was dark, of course, since it was an evening flight, but there was no mistaking what I felt: Amber's hand was underneath my blanket, and she was looking at me, wide awake.

“What do you say we get to know one another better once we land?” she proposed.

“Are you sure?” I wasn't going to say no to sex with a gorgeous woman, but I certainly didn't want to complicate my work life.

“Yes, I am. And don't worry about anything.” She slid her hand across my groin. “No drama, just sex.”

I want to go on the record and say that this instance was the only time a woman has said that to me and it ended up being true.

Once we landed, we headed to our hotel.

“Give me a half hour, and then come to my room.” Amber said, handing me her extra keycard.

I jumped into the shower, changed into some loungewear and drank a protein shake. I paced around the room, wondering if I should really take her up on her offer. But, at the end of the day, I know I'd be a fool to pass it up.

Amber is built. She's five-foot-six with a runner's physique, blonde curly hair and hazel eyes. She's got a really great set of tits, too. (When they spilled out of her lacy bra, her nipples reminded me of pale pink gumdrops. Even now, I still think about sucking her tits.)

I knocked on her the door before using the keycard to enter. Amber was waiting for me. She stood in a sheer black robe and a matching lace bra-and-panty set.

“W-wow.” I stammered, kicking the door shut behind me. “You look amazing.”

“Thank you.” She smiled. “I bought myself these in front of my husband. But he hasn't seen them on me. Though I made sure he saw me packing them.”

I laughed and shook my head. “You are wicked. Remind me never to piss you off.”

Amber smiled and reached out to play with the drawstring on my pants. “I won't get pissed if you fuck me right.”

“I'm happy to accommodate you.”

I stroked her hair, and then we looked into one another's eyes and kissed. Once our lips were locked and she was pressing her amazing body against mine, I felt pissed off at her husband, too. Somehow that raw emotion made the moment more passionate. I would treat this goddess the way she deserved.

I stripped her down and put her on the bed. Just as I started kissing her neck

and traveling down to her breasts, her phone buzzed on the nightstand.

Amber looked up and said smugly, “He'll have to leave me voicemail. Please, keep going.”

I suckled her nipples for a while before whispering, “Touch your clit for me.”

Amber did, and she was a very sexy sight.

I kissed my way down her torso to her navel and took my time caressing her hips and thighs.

“Wait a minute,” she said. “Grab my phone. Take a picture of me playing with my pussy.”

Her request threw me, but I sensed I knew where this was going. I snapped picture after picture of Amber fingering her cunt as she brought herself nearer to orgasm.

“Oh, God! Keep taking those nasty pictures.”

“Am I ever going to get to eat you?” I laughed.

“Yes, yes...” she chanted.

I put the phone down and got to work on Amber's pussy, gorging on her succulent flesh.

With her encouragement, I slid three fingers inside her, pumping them in and out of her snug snatch while I sucked on her clit.

Amber bucked her hips toward my face and clutched the sheets with both hands.

"Yes! Oh, fuck! Make me come!" she cried.

As her climax neared, I reached for the phone with my free hand and managed to get a shot of her orgasmic face, while keeping the fingers of my other hand buried in her pussy.

Amber laughed joyously as she caught her breath. She sat up and pushed me down on the bed. We kissed some more, but Amber wasted no time grabbing my dick and putting it in her mouth. She sat astride me, sort of a reverse cowgirl, wiggling her ass enticingly as she swallowed my cock.

"Oh yeah, suck me." I groaned, reaching out to spread and squeeze her ass cheeks. I was very much enjoying the view.

Not surprisingly though, I heard the familiar click of Amber's phone camera. She was literally taking selfies of her lips wrapped around my cock. (I made her send me some of those pictures afterward.)

And true to form, Amber made sure my blowjob had a perfect photo finish. She swallowed my shaft and cupped my balls, sending chills up my spine as her pointy red nails scraped my sensitive skin.

"Oh, Amber. Let me fuck you."

She looked at me over her shoulder and winked before saying, "As long as you're ready for your close-up."

She wiggled herself into position and slid my cock inside her pussy. Then I realized she was taking a reverse-cowgirl selfie, and I laughed.

"Amber, are you going to document this entire night?"

"Yes, I am."

I shook my head. It was all so funny and weird—but hot at the same time. She turned around, repositioning herself to face me, and once again mounted my dick, and that's when things got crazy. I cupped her breasts as she rode me, her hips undulating like we were dancing a merengue.

I could feel the sweat running down my armpits and the sides of my face. This woman had endurance. But whenever the tempo slowed, Amber was taking more pictures, but never with my face in them. She stuck to nasty close-up shots of her riding my cock and touching her clit, or pictures that captured her expression of obvious enjoyment.

We fucked with her on top for a while, and then I asked if I could do her doggy-style. I really wanted to feel that plush ass crushing against me.

Amber was happy to change position, but added, "Just make sure you take a picture of your cock going in."

The sight of my dick skewering her elongated pink lips just below her puckered asshole—that was picture worth a thousand words, for sure.

I fucked her for as long and hard as I could, intermittently teasing her asshole with my thumb. While we fucked, she kept playing with her clit. She was a loud, shrill moaner, and managed to bring herself to at least two orgasms before I caught up with her.

Finally, I could feel the climax rising from my toes. I gasped for breath to utter, "Amber, I'm gonna come."

"Pull out!" she ordered.

I groaned but did as she said, stroking my dick to keep my orgasmic high on the rise. I was dumbfounded when she whirled around to finish me with her mouth, then pulled back so I could come all over her face—and, of course, she wanted to take a come-covered selfie.

I never asked if she showed her husband the photos. But not long after our encounter, Amber and her sizable alimony relocated to the West Coast. Sometimes, when I'm in her town, we get together, pull out our phones and reconnect.

—V.H., Arlington, Virginia

Do you have a secret side piece? Come on, you can tell us! Dish about your dirty affair and send your letter to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SO, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





POWER POSE

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BOSS BITCH

A high-powered executive gets an extra boost of inspiration from a handsome job applicant.

By Isabella Richardson

Unwilling to rest until I get the job done right, I'm a driven perfectionist and a woman of ambition. This attitude penetrates both my professional life and my private life. I've worked long and hard to get where I am today.

I was only 24 when I launched my very own marketing firm. My seemingly endless stream of campaigns and meetings had wound me up so tight that I began to seek release in a physical form. Spending day after day getting my creative juices flowing for the benefit of my clients, I felt it was only fair to reward myself by spending my nights getting my carnal juices flowing for my own benefit. By the end of each workday, I longed for a stranger's thick, throbbing dick. I was a hard-ass boss when the sun was shining, but those days were followed by nights of surrender, during which I'd anonymously suck cock and take it in the ass like a little whore. You can say that's how I found my inspiration.

I got into marketing because I was born with a natural ability to perceive the desires of others. Sometimes people know what they want; sometimes they don't. Either way, I always know how to give them what they need. But as my company grew, so did my need for satisfaction, and my nightly adventures grew increasingly more intense. A different man every night, a different desire to fulfill and a new way to fulfill it each time. My sexual deviancy started to become as important as my company. Some women have a body, some women have brains. I have both, and I began to wonder which should take precedence.

In my daily morning meetings, I couldn't keep my mind off my exploits from the night before. How could I care about mundane details when I still had some stranger's dried come on the insides of my thighs? Memories of my tongue slowly licking a thick cock stole my attention away from the tasks at hand. Oftentimes in these meetings, my team would turn to me for a response, and I'd realize I hadn't heard a word they'd said. In my mind, I was reliving the pleasure of profound

**"ONCE HE GOT
GOING, HE
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WOULDN'T STOP."**

and knowing thrusts that made me scream and shiver with delight. Such deep penetration by an unknown man had an intimacy all its own. It wasn't about emotions or self-esteem. It was about allowing my body to be taken, to be explored and overwhelmed by ecstasy. To live in a world as civilized as ours means you've got to find time to address your inner beast.

Despite my waning daytime attention, I thought I had a good handle on keeping my nightly enterprises secret. I only roamed bars on the other side of the city's border, and I never left the

house without a change of clothes. A toothbrush and a makeup kit hidden in my top desk drawer allowed for a quick and easy cleanup minutes before my doting staff would arrive at the office, and an espresso shot in my coffee helped keep me perky when my body was exhausted from hours of bending and folding like a fuck-doll for whoever wanted me. Small red burns on my arms from a rope or faint creases on my face from a gag were occasional remnants of my surreptitious obsession, but those marks were the exception—not the rule. Most of the time, I looked as fresh-faced and unblemished as the next boss.

Though once, I remember I actually had to excuse myself from a meeting because my cunt was still so achingly wet from an adventure that had only ended a few hours earlier. I went into the bathroom to clean myself up, but as I pulled down my panties and started to wipe away my honey, my finger softly brushed against my clit. It was too much for me to handle. I was ready to erupt right then and there.

I rushed to double check that the bathroom door was locked and then I turned toward the mirror.

I tore off my blazer and quickly unbuttoned my shirt, letting the garments fall to my side in a sort of triumphant malaise. No matter how good of a businesswoman I was, I was also a woman of lust and passion. I felt my breath grow deeper and slower as I shook off my heels and unzipped my skirt.

Standing there in my bra and panties, I realized the tenuous balance between my work and play had taken an unexpected hit. Never before was I so overcome by my sensuous and



animalistic side, but it felt good. I'd been endowed with a beautiful rack and sweet perky nipples that grew hard at the slightest touch. My curvaceous thighs parted slightly, just below my pussy. I love that space in between, where my thighs meet my lips. I had been so dedicated to my career for so long. Now it was time to thoroughly dedicate myself to self-fulfillment.

As I unhooked my bra, my breasts spilled out from their constraints. I began massaging them, letting them bounce a little and say hello to one another. They felt tender and soft to the touch, but I knew how to best handle them. With one hand on each tit, my

fingers gently stroked my sensitive skin. My breasts had been restrained and covered all morning. Now they were being aroused by the most courteous of caresses.

I was turning myself on so much by that point that I didn't care about the morning meeting. My first task of the day had just been changed to coming like a nymphomaniac. First, I tugged up on my panties to let the fabric grind against my clit. After that I was gone, moaning like a beast in heat. I tore off my panties, and my hands shuffled back and forth between grinding against my clit and vigorously twisting and pulling on my tits. I gasped at my rising ecstasy

as tingling sensations shot up and down my body. All the while I looked at the reflection of my perfect form in the mirror. I had a tight waist and soft curly hair that tickled my shoulders—and a cunt that was as wet as hell. I plugged my fingers deep inside me, diving into myself, feeling warm and safe and like a beautiful little slut. Normally I had someone else with me when I was feeling this way, to take me and pound me like nobody's business. But at that moment, I was gleefully flying solo. I was seconds away from my eruption of delicious pleasure when I heard a knock on the door.

"Are you okay?" I could hear the

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worry in my secretary's voice.

"I'll be right there!" I exclaimed in shock. A dark embarrassment rushed over me as I realized my lack of restraint. My hunger for gratification had overtaken everything else. I was getting out of control. I knew then something needed to change. I needed to address my business' needs, as well as my personal ones.

I quickly cleaned up the best I could and shimmied back into my panties. I took one last look at my bountiful tits, their curves begging to be caressed, before I strapped my bra back on. I buttoned up my shirt with caution and zipped up my skirt over the curves of my ass, but I was still too overheated to wear my blazer. Shuffling on my shoes, I let out a sigh of disappointment. The warm, tingling sensations that had zipped through my body like lightening had died; they'd been replaced by embarrassment and a hint of shame.

I marched back into the meeting without explanation and authoritatively announced, "I want to hire a new

agent—from the outside. We need new blood. I expect you to conduct the interviews yourselves, and bring me the top three candidates. I will make the final decision." I noticed a few jaws dropping and eyes widening in confusion, so I quickly wrapped up my speech. "This is the top priority now, so let's conclude this meeting here so you can commence the search. I expect to be impressed."

The announcement of the new hire made a stir in the office, but it also helped me put my focus back toward my work. I made myself stay in that night. Alone in bed, I longingly guided my fingers into my mouth and then into my cunt. I pinched my nipples and spanked and squeezed my ass cheeks until they were pink. I wanted to be opened up so bad and pounded like there was no tomorrow. I writhed around until I reached full climax, but still I ached for the feeling of getting slapped in the face by a perfect cock.

After that night, I threw myself into my work like never before. I signed on two

new clients within a week, and my staff was busy searching for a new candidate to join our staff. The first interview was a dud, but during the second interview, I saw something I liked. Her name was Kitty, and what she lacked in experience she made up for with her eagerness to please. She was straight out of college, a gorgeous blonde who didn't shy away from showing off her assets in her short skirt and formfitting top. She knew what she had going on and knew how to use it. There was a raw ambition inside her that turned me on in a different kind of way. While I'd always preferred letting loose on a nice stiff rod, I couldn't help but feel a tingle when I smelled her sweet perfume. My heart skipped a beat when she uncrossed her legs to accidentally reveal a silver of a red thong.

I told her I needed to meet with the third candidate, but that was a mere formality; she should expect to hear some good news from my office in a day or two. In her excitement she threw her arms around me. The way our breasts touched, as we embraced like long lost friends, made me a little short of breath. After she left my office, I let out a gentle sigh of relief. Something good was going to happen; I felt it. She got me hot and bothered without even trying. She could sell a glass of water to a drowning man, and holy shit, I felt like I was going to drown in my panties if I thought about her too long.

The next day I excitedly began to outline a new strategy for the company, with Kitty front and center. I was deep in concentration when my secretary rang to let me know that my last interview candidate had arrived. I'd become so preoccupied by memories of Kitty's red thong that the appointment had totally slipped my mind! I thought for a moment about canceling the interview, but instead I had her send him in.

As my office door opened, I looked up to see a familiar face. I recognized



him from the bathroom of a bar, the backseat of my car and an alley located God-knows-where. It could have been two weeks ago or maybe two months, but I knew those lips and that thick frame. A memory of me sucking on his juicy bottom lip—sucking it long and hard while I straddled his muscular body in the back of my BMW—suddenly flashed before my eyes. Visions of me licking his neck, and memories of feeling his hot breath on my tits from his rapturous moans while he effortlessly entered my pussy. I'd welcomed him with a wet cunt that was raring to go. I'd totally forgotten him before, but now I couldn't shake the memory as hard as I tried.

I was at a loss for words, but I managed to reach out a hand and say, "Hello."

I didn't even know his name, but I knew the taste of his semen, and I knew I liked it. Now there he was in a suit and tie, nervously rolling his resume between his hands. He nailed his real first interview by nailing me all night long. What did he have for me now?

He introduced himself as Max and shook my hand. The inside of his palm was soft, but not as soft as the skin I delightedly licked and sucked. By his smile, I knew he recognized me. In a flash I wasn't his potential new boss, I was that greedy girl who begged him to explode in her mouth. His tone was much more formal than before, and I couldn't stand it. All I wanted to hear was that deep voice whispering in my ear, "You're wet cunt feels so good. Come on baby, take it deeper." I was in sheer agony from the thought of his beautiful cock.

I wondered what memory first entered his mind. Was it the way I pushed out my ass for him, asking for a spanking while he grabbed my hair and thrust inside me? Maybe it was the sound of me choking on his rock-hard cock as I tried my best to deep-throat him, bobbing up only to catch a breath of air and let out



"HE SHOWERED ME WITH A WATERFALL OF COME, STREAKING MY FACE AND TITS."

a little groan of joy. Or maybe it was the whole night that ran through his mind in a blur of sweat and come.

We stood there silently, casting meaningful glances because we each already knew what was hidden beneath the other's clothes. I asked him to take a seat and debated my course of action. I had been so good at containing myself for so long, but once again my restraint broke down. I halfheartedly glanced at his resume, then looked up into his

magnificent hazel eyes. The tension between us was turning me on. I was ready to have some fun with it.

"So, you think you're qualified to work for me? What would you do to get this gig?" The innuendo of my statement was not lost on him. We both smiled, and with that, the atmosphere in the room turned red-hot—and every inch of me felt ready to burst into flames. My gaze locked with his. I was consumed with passion, and I could tell there was no question about what he wanted. I wanted the same thing.

The piercing confidence I'd seen the first night we met surged into him. I could see it in his posture as he straightened more in his seat.

"I'll do anything," he responded. He reminded me of a Boy Scout hoping for his next merit badge.

"Show me how badly you want it," I demanded.

In one swift motion, he lunged over my desk, reaching his right hand around to the back of my neck and crushing his lips against mine. Our

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tongues examined every little curve and dip of each other's mouths like we had been secretly desperate to have this second chance.

My desk was still between us, but my thighs started spreading in my office chair as my clit swelled with heat. I could hear papers falling to the floor, and the receiver on my phone tumbled off the hook. Then, in a wild gesture fueled by passion, he pulled away from me and rushed around my desk. He stood in front of me, while I remained seated in my chair. I had to stop myself from tearing off his pants and taking him in as far as my throat would let me. This was his interview, not mine. He was the one with something to prove.

He reached under my skirt and ferociously ripped down my panties. With an electric fever, he unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his pants. As he

unzipped his fly, my mouth started to water. His hand dove into his briefs and pulled out his sumptuous cock, which was rock hard. He stroked it twice with purpose and then lifted me from my chair like I weighed nothing and sat me atop my desk. He swiftly yanked my legs toward him, so my shiny cunt rested just beyond the edge. He grabbed the back of my neck again and lunged forward, jamming his big dick inside me for just a moment before pulling out and playfully tapping the head against my clit. It was sublime torture.

"More!" I demanded, and with that, he proceeded to thrust himself back into me, slamming my G-spot. Once he got going, he was like a delicious jackhammer that wouldn't stop. He passionately plunged his cock deeper and deeper. I moaned as I felt my pussy pulsing, my inner walls excitedly

embracing all he had to give. His hands were firmly massaging my heaving tits, and with one vigorous tug, he ripped open my shirt and sent buttons flying. Scooping my tits out from my bra, he then began sucking on my nipples, giving each its own consideration. He gave each nip a little bite to signal when it was the other one's turn to play.

I soon felt an incredible wave rush over me as my orgasm began to consume me. I couldn't help but let out a groan, which he silenced by giving me his fingers to suck on. That shut me up as he made his final lunge into me. With a tremendous gasp, he pulled out his gorgeous cock and showered me with a triumphant waterfall of come, streaking my face and tits. We stared at each other as we released heaving sighs of gratitude.

I sat up abruptly and told him, "That's

**“HE LUNGED
FORWARD,
JAMMING HIS
DICK INSIDE ME
FOR JUST
A MOMENT.”**

all for now. I'll be in touch.”

Then I made an attempt to wipe the sticky mess from my face. The moment had been so perfectly dirty. He smiled at me and then pulled his pants up and straightened his tie. I didn't bother reaching for my panties just yet. I was soaked and already knew there was no hope for my shirt, so the extra change of clothes I'd brought with me that day would come in handy.

“I look forward to hearing from you,” he said, smiling politely as he thanked me for the interview and showed himself out.

I sat there stunned for I don't know how long. Losing myself with him in my office, surrounded by my fancy diplomas and meaningless paperweights, I had found satisfaction like I'd never known. I felt renewed and inspired. I felt like a true boss bitch.

Since that interview, my agency has expanded in ways I never could have dreamed. I've gained a whole new understanding of success and how to achieve it.

In the end, I gave the job to Kitty, but I still “interview” Max from time to time. His eagerness to please has really left an impression on me.

I'm a boss and a leader in my field. I never want to stop working, and I'll always strive to do it harder, faster and dirtier—until I get the job done. 



HONORING HER VOWS

Two groomsmen bang the bride in a secret rendezvous as she proves she's a good-time girl—and woman of her word.

Now is finally the time for me to come clean, even though I've hesitated to tell this story to anyone before. It may seem odd to share with the entire world something you wouldn't share with a bro—or even with a progressive pastor or a nonjudgmental shrink. But, in this case, the anonymity of writing to *Penthouse Letters* seems perfect.

My story goes back a few years—to my university days in California. I lived off-campus with two friends. Let's call them "Paul" and "Christopher." Christopher and I were studious drones—not total nerds, but close to it. If anything, Christopher was quieter and less social than me. Paul, on the other hand, was much more affable. And he had a full sex life, sometimes juggling relationships with two or more women simultaneously. Christopher and I had dating lives, too, but our bedrooms didn't have a revolving door like Paul's did.

Late in our junior year, Paul began a relationship with "Sandra," a sexy, smart, ginger-haired young woman who was majoring in marketing but also thinking about law school. Sandra was funny, outspoken and flirtatious. She and Paul were a good match—except when they weren't. You'd hear them screwing into the night with wild abandon. Then, the next morning, they'd be having a screaming match about God knows what. Sandra knew about the other women Paul was seeing, and it drove her to distraction. Paul, in turn, wasn't keen on her flirtatious ways with anybody with a penis.

They must have called it quits five or six times—sometimes for a weekend, sometimes for several months. Apart, they were both miserable. They would go out with other people during their

separations, but eventually they'd drift back together. Rinse and repeat, ad nauseam.

By fall of our senior year, it seemed they'd made a final break. Paul had met an attractive art student from Texas who I'll call "Adrienne," and all was going smoothly. Christopher and I didn't see much of Paul that semester, as he spent most nights at Adrienne's apartment.

But then Sandra began showing up at our place. She'd talk with Christopher

start something with me. Or maybe with you. With somebody, anyway."

Graduation approached, and we busied ourselves figuring out the next steps in our lives. Sandra had applied to law schools, Christopher and I to grad schools. Paul planned to move back to Seattle to work in the family business. There were hints that Adrienne might accompany him, though she still had another year of college.

Late one April night—a Friday, maybe 3 a.m.—a loud pounding on the door woke me. It was Sandra. She was dressed to the nines in a slinky, shiny, copper-colored dress. She was angry, and very drunk. Her makeup was smeared with tears. She'd been at a party at which Paul and Adrienne had shown up. She'd tried to avoid them, but somehow she'd gotten the idea they were engaged to be married. She confronted Paul about it, caused a big scene by shouting at him and called Adrienne a "trashy Texas tart"—an insult I imagine she'd been saving up for weeks.

I made a pot of coffee to sober her up and tried to console her, but she continued to carry on. Eventually, Christopher stumbled out of his bedroom to see what the racket was.

"What's wrong with me!" Sandra wailed. "Am I fucking ugly?"

We assured her she wasn't.

She cupped her breasts in her hands. "I guess my tits are too big for him," she sputtered. "Paul apparently likes itty-bitty Texas titties. Ha! Isn't everything from Texas supposed to be bigger? Well, not Adrienne's boobs, that's for sure!"

She stood up and started wriggling out of her dress. "You guys like big tits, don't you! I have beautiful breasts. Everybody knows it. They're my best feature."

Her dress fell to the floor. She took

**"HE AND I
TRADED PLACES.
I SUCKED HER
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SWALLOWED
HIS WHOPPER."**

and me about how much she missed Paul, and she would rag on Adrienne, whom she called "that tit-less bitch from Corpus Christi." She made both Christopher and me laugh. We confessed to one another privately that we each had the hots for her.

"Maybe one of us should just ask her out," I suggested.

"Are you kidding, Pete? That's a grand passion they've got going. Like something out of a fucking opera. Tosca maybe." (Chris was a music major.) "No, sir. Keep me out of it."

"You're right," I said. "But, God, she gets me horny sometimes when she shows up. I always think she's trying to



off her bra to prove her claim. Neither of us could argue that her breasts weren't first-rate.

"Who wouldn't want to fuck a woman with this body?" she said. "Wouldn't you, Pete? Christopher? You should fuck me now, the both of you!"

But the moment those words tumbled from her mouth, she crumpled onto the sofa, her face buried in her arms. She sobbed. Christopher handed her his bathrobe, and she quickly wrapped it around herself.

It was 6 a.m. when she managed to fall asleep, and well after noon when she finally woke up, hung over but calm. Fortunately, Paul had stayed over at Adrienne's that night. Christopher had texted him, warning him that Sandra had crashed at our place. We found a shirt, some running shorts and flip-flops she could wear, so she wouldn't have to parade home in broad daylight in her slinky party dress.

After she showered, she wolfed down a bowl of cereal along with more coffee. She apologized for throwing herself at us

sexually in the middle of her drunken fit.

"You guys are so sweet," she cooed. "You could have taken advantage of me, but you didn't. I owe you one."

"You owe us nothing," Christopher said.

"Listen to me," she said. "I really would have screwed the two of you. But I'm glad I didn't—not all fucked up like I was. I know it's going to work out with Paul. Adrienne is gonna be history very soon. And the two of you will dance at our wedding—and possibly not with each other." She giggled. "I have no doubt of this whatsoever. But, I'm promising this to you both. Before Paul and I take our vows, I'm gonna go to bed with the two of you. No, don't laugh! You're both sexy beasts—and you're good guys, too. I shall fuck the living shit out of you some night when I'm sober enough to enjoy it. As God is my witness."

That was six years ago. We'd all moved on with our lives. I went to grad school in New York, Christopher to a music conservatory in New England. Paul, as he'd planned, moved back to Seattle—but without Adrienne in tow. (The idea that

they were engaged turned out to be fake news.) As for Sandra, she was accepted at several law schools, but wound up staying in California and going to Stanford. (I told you she was smart.)

We all stayed in touch over the years, mostly through social media. And then, two years ago came the shocker. On Facebook, I learned Paul and Sandra were back together—living in San Francisco, near her family. She was working for a large law firm. Several months later, I learned they were engaged. Chris and I were soon called on to be groomsmen at their wedding in S.F.

"I can't believe you two got back together, let alone that you're getting married," I told Paul when he phoned.

"You know how it is," he said. "Nobody else will have us."

A Saturday afternoon ceremony and celebration were scheduled in the Marina District. I flew out early on the beforehand Thursday for the bachelor party that night. Christopher and I were to bunk together in a hotel close to the wedding site, which was on the waterfront. We'd both

LETTERS

TRUE CONFESSIONS



managed to stay single over the years, though Chris had just come off a long relationship with a cellist he'd met at the conservatory near Boston.

Paul and Sandra met us at the hotel and took us to lunch that afternoon. She looked even hotter than she had back in our college days. The filmy dress she wore gave me flashbacks to the times I'd been turned on by her killer body. My mind flipped back to the night she'd given Christopher and me that long look at her bare breasts.

Right away, I detected some tension between Sandra and Paul. They barely looked at one another.

"Everything okay?" I asked Paul when Sandra went to the ladies' room. "Wedding jitters?"

"It's fine. She's not thrilled about the bachelor party tonight, though she's got her own bachelorette thing." He smirked. "Our party's gonna go a little over the top. I mean, just to clue you in, my cousin Phil is supplying the condoms, but if you have a favorite brand, feel free to bring your own."

I'd figured there would be strippers or lap dancers at the stag event, which was to take place in a deluxe suite on the top floor of the hotel where Christopher and I

"SHE'D ARRANGED HERSELF SO CHRIS COULD LAP AT HER CUNT WHILE I LICKED HER ASS."

were staying. But apparently it was going to get crazier than that.

It was about eight that night when Chris and I arrived at the suite. About 15 other guys were there—mostly Paul's coworkers, along with a few cousins and family friends. A buffet spread and a fully stocked bar had been set up. Two sexy cocktail waitresses worked the room, wearing old-timey, '50s-style stripper attire: G-strings and pasties with tassels. Alcohol flowed freely, but Chris and I were determined to pace ourselves. The bash was scheduled to go late into the night, and we didn't want to crash and burn.

Paul, though, was fully drunk when we

arrived. He cornered Christopher and me and confessed that things had become more strained between him and Sandra since lunch. They had even talked of calling off the wedding!

"That cocktail waitress over there—the dark-haired one with the beautiful fat ass?" Paul pointed toward her. "That's Bethany. I've known her for years. Wild girl—a dependable booty call. Sandy got wind that she'd be here tonight. I said I deserved a hall pass 'cause, tonight's the last night I can bone anyone besides her for the rest of my fucking life." He laughed and added the word "theoretically," though he slurred it so badly it came out "theo-rectally." He belched, loudly. "I told Sandy she could have a hall pass herself if she wanted one, but she pitched a fit. I said, 'Fuck you, Sandy. Bethany's gonna fuck me tonight, and the other slut we've got coming is good to fuck everybody else.'"

Christopher and I looked at each other. Even allowing for his drunkenness, this didn't seem like the Paul we knew from college. He'd grown mean-spirited and sad.

Lap dances were soon underway. The other stripper, a blonde named Dusty, moved from guy to guy. I was definitely aroused by her moves. As she pushed her outsized breasts into my chest and ground her ass against my groin, my cock stiffened and throbbed. Christopher later confessed he'd nearly creamed his shorts before she moved on to the next guy. Meanwhile on the mattress, Bethany sat on Paul's lap, tangling her arms around him and kissing his neck. She removed his jacket, unbuttoned his shirt and began playing with his nipples. The other guys stood around the bed watching. In little time, she'd stripped Paul to his boxer briefs. The other guys, chugging their ever-replenished drinks, grew loud as they egged Paul on.

Bethany shimmied out of her G-string, which she then flung across the room. She pushed Paul down on the bed, fell

to her knees and took his hard-on in her mouth. She sucked him aggressively, making him moan. She rolled a condom onto his penis. After a few minutes of tugging at his dick, she got on top of him and attempted to ease her pussy onto him, but he was going soft—and quickly. She kept trying to revive his erection, but with no luck. After a minute or so, the groom-to-be began snoring loudly. The guys booed and hissed their disappointment. Undeterred, Bethany grabbed Cousin Phil and began unbuckling his belt. Dusty followed suit with one of the other guests. Paul, meanwhile, continued sawing logs, dead to the world.

I checked the time. It was 8:45.

Christopher and I went to the bar and tried to engage another party guest in conversation, but he was too interested in the first stages of what was becoming an all-out gangbang to pay attention.

"What do you think?" I asked Chris.

"Let's book."

It was barely nine o'clock when we left the party—an event that was supposed to go into the wee hours.

Christopher and I had had a long day, and we were still on East Coast time. We talked for a bit. We watched the 11 o'clock news and called it a night.

About 12:30, I woke to someone rapping on our door. I thought maybe it was one of the dudes from the party—even Paul, maybe—coming to haul us back to the orgy. I got out of my bed and went to the door, careful not to wake Chris.

"Who is it?"

"Me. Sandra."

I stepped into the hallway. Sandy looked stunning in a white blouse and black silk trousers. Her long red hair was pulled back from her face.

"What happened to your bachelorette party," I said.

"That was a bust." She took my hand firmly in her own and looked me directly in the eye. "Kiss me," she said.



LETTERS

TRUE CONFESSIONS



“I HEARD CHRISTOPHER GASP AS HE SHOT HIS WAD, WHILE POUNDING HER SNATCH.”

“What?” I asked incredulously.
“Last I knew, you weren’t deaf. What do you think I said? Fucking kiss me.”

I put my hands on her arms, leaned in and kissed her softly on the mouth.

“Nice try,” she said. She grabbed me by the face with both hands and pulled my mouth onto hers. She kissed me long and hard. When she finally pulled away, she asked, “Is Chris in there?”

I nodded.

“I want him, too,” she said. “He needs to kiss me.”

“Have you been drinking?”

She laughed. “Stone-cold sober. You think I only want to fuck you when I’m drunk? Wouldn’t that be rather insulting?”

“Sandra, it’s late.”

“Not too late to make good on my promise.”

“Promise?”

She raised her voice, practically shouting. “My promise to fuck you! To fuck you and Christopher!”

“Shhh.”

“No!” Her voice was loud enough to wake everybody on the floor. I quickly pulled her into the room. A lamp was on and Chris was sitting on his bed, looking confused, his eyes adjusting to the light.

“There’s Christopher!” said Sandra.
“Kiss me, Christopher!”

She scrambled over to him, pushed him back on the bed, fell atop him and began kissing him. He didn’t seem fully certain what had hit him.

When she finally came up for air, she said. “Take your clothes off. Both of you.”

“Sandra, you’re marrying Paul tomorrow. You don’t really want to do this.”

“Paul’s an asshole,” she said. “Paul used his hall pass tonight, and now I’m using mine.” Her eyes were full of fury. “Paul fucked some skanky whore at that bachelor party. I know that. I went by there a little while ago. So disrobe, boys. Now. I vowed I would screw the two of you before I married Paul, and I’m a woman who keeps her vows.”

We tried to reason with her. Who knows? Maybe Paul did eventually wake up and fuck that chick—but Sandra was pretty determined to have us. She began taking her clothes off as we spoke, and, before long, Chris and I found ourselves undressing, too. Her words were madness, but at the moment, they made perfect sense.

We were all soon nude. My thick

prong throbbed with anticipation. Sandra grabbed it with one hand and pulled me toward her. I caressed her soft yet firm breasts and teased her aroused nipples. Her tits were as stupendous as I remembered from the night she’d last bared them to us.

Sandra had Christopher’s hard-on in her other hand. And, damn, was that a revelation! I’d never seen Chris’s erect dick before. I was astonished by how enormous it was—at least a full inch longer than mine, with a big helmet-shaped head. Sandra fell to her knees and began going back and forth between his boner and mine, sucking ravenously.

“I’m so wet,” she said. “Who’s going to eat my pussy?”

“I am,” said Chris, without hesitation.

We all got up onto the bed. Sandra continued to suck me while Chris buried his face in her twat. After a while, he and I traded places. I sucked her clit while she swallowed his whopper.

Soon, she’d arranged herself so Chris could lap at her cunt while I licked her asshole. It vaguely flew through my mind that the woman whose anus I was tonguing would, within 48 hours, be standing in front of God and everybody to trade rings with the man she supposedly loved. I banished the thought and kept on licking.

Finally, she got what she was craving: a double penetration, straight out of the

nastiest porn flick imaginable. I strapped a condom onto my dick and lay on my back as she lubed up her asshole with some goopy concoction. Facing away from me she slowly, tantalizingly, lowered her ass down the length of my erection. Moments later Chris was on top of her, pushing her back on top of me. He thrust his fat prick toward her cunt. She moaned as his bulbous dickhead plunged deep inside her. I nuzzled her neck with my lips as I fucked her butt. The three of us eventually found a rhythm that worked—and we rode the waves toward our orgasms like three passengers crammed inside a lifeboat. I held my breath as I felt my load let go. Directly after, I heard Christopher gasp as he shot his wad, while pounding her sopping snatch.

We eventually disentangled. Sandy brought herself off with her hand. She gasped like a drowning woman as she climaxed. We didn't say anything for what seemed a long time.

"Mission accomplished," she declared at last. "But, I swear, if either of you is idiotic enough to let this get back to Paul, well...I believe the phrase is 'There'll be hell to pay.' Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going back to Mommy and Daddy's house to sleep with my stuffed animals."

The following afternoon came the rehearsal for the ceremony and a banquet for members of the bridal party. The day after that, the wedding itself.

Everybody got through the day without catastrophe. Paul didn't forget the ring. Sandra's Aunt Rachel sang "Evergreen." Rice was thrown.

At one point that weekend, Chris and I tried to talk about what had happened with Sandra. But the words for it didn't exist. Not, that is, until I wrote them down to send to *Penthouse Letters*.

But mum's the word. As you know by now, Sandra keeps her vows. I wouldn't want anybody to have to wind up paying hell.

—P.M., New York, New York





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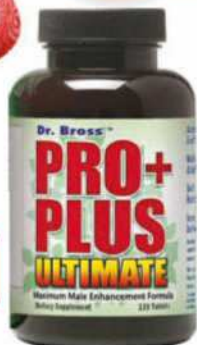


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LETTER OF THE MONTH

SOWING LUST

Randy landscapers give in to the heat of the moment, and watch their passion flower.

There I was, almost done pruning the azaleas, when I paused to take a break. I ran the back of my hand across my sweaty forehead and blew a wayward strand of blonde hair from my face. I pressed my damp T-shirt to the small of my back with my hand as I arched and stretched to ease my sore muscles. Every single one seemed to be barking after I'd spent far too long kneeling in front of the now-pristine line of flowering bushes. My thighs were screaming, and I knew I would be aching in the morning. My eyes swept across the fenced yard, taking in the magnificent view.

"It sure is pretty here," I said for the umpteenth time. Behind me, I heard my business partner, Jimmy, chuckling. He never shared my awe for the grandeur of any of the beautiful grounds we maintained. He went about his business, cutting the grass and pulling the weeds while barely talking to me most mornings—which was a shame in more ways than one. Jimmy was a wonderful guy and a great friend.

Normally, when a guy and I are buddies, it's because there isn't any sexual chemistry between us, but that wasn't the case with me and Jimmy. Well, at least as far as I was concerned. He stripped down to the waist every day we worked together, which had me constantly drooling over his toned abs and muscled forearms. But even though I wore my tightest V-neck tops, ones so snug they strained across my full breasts, Jimmy remained maddeningly indifferent. Either he genuinely wasn't attracted to me, or he knew more about women than he let on—because he really had me going.

That afternoon, I turned around to

catch Jimmy peeling off his socks, with his boots already discarded beside him.

"What are you doing?" I asked, shocked to see him stripping.

Jimmy grinned and stood up in the newly mowed grass, reaching for the button of his fly.

"I'm going swimming," he announced as he unzipped his denim shorts, without any embarrassment—or underwear.

"But you can't!" I couldn't believe he was serious.

True, the pool was lovely. It was

**"I FELT HIS COCK
STIRRING,
GROWING HARDER
AS HIS TONGUE
THRUST BETWEEN
MY LIPS."**

screened in to protect swimmers from mosquitoes and other annoying pests and had a natural, free-form shape. All around it were hanging plants and deep wooden planters full of exotic greenery in need of constant care, which is why the owners left the entrance unlocked for us.

Being hot and sticky from my work, the coolness of the pool was certainly tempting to me. In fact, the sparkling water seemed to beckon. But it wasn't our place to swim in our clients' pool, and I told him so. Although I wasn't very coherent—or convincing. I was busy bashfully averting my eyes as naked Jimmy headed for the screen door, but in

no time my curiosity got the better of me.

I got an eyeful of his well-muscled legs and tight ass as I boldly studied him. But when he grabbed the door latch, he turned around and caught me peeking. My mouth dropped open at what I saw as he faced me: six-pack abs and an already stiff cock that made my mouth water.

"You coming?" he asked with a grin, pulling the door open and holding it wide in invitation.

I looked down at myself, taking in the picture I presented after a hard morning's work. Though I knew I was fit and attractive, I was hardly at my best at that moment. I could taste the salt on my lips and my hair was sticking to the back of my sweaty neck. My boots were covered in grass clippings, and my T-shirt clung to my damp breasts as perspiration dripped down the valley between them. It was also a pretty safe bet that my face was smeared with dirt.

A thin rivulet of sweat trickled down my back past the waist of my shorts, tickling the cleft of my ass. I told myself a cool dip in the pool was exactly what I needed to revive me. But I also think a part of me knew that Jimmy was daring me to do more than just go for a swim. Having silently lusted after him for far too long, I wasn't about to turn down this unprecedented opportunity.

I shrugged, determined to act every bit as casual as he had, and tugged off my boots, hopping to free my feet. Taking my time, I rolled my socks into balls and stuffed them into the grass-covered boots as he waited patiently. Then I stood, pulling my shirt over my head, my sweat-slickened breasts bobbing as I shook back my hair. I felt Jimmy watching me. I let my eyes slide his way, and what I saw amazed and delighted me. His

gaze was frankly admiring and that gave me the courage I needed to keep going. Moving fast, before I lost my nerve, I unbuttoned my shorts and pulled the zipper down. But at the last moment, suddenly shy, I twisted away from his eyes. I drew my tight little shorts down over my long legs to my ankles with my back turned to him.

Jimmy gave a long wolf whistle of appreciation as I was bent over before him. My face was crimson as I realized I had given him a good view of my naked ass—and my pussy. With my cheeks burning, I turned and threw my shorts at his grinning face before I ran past him, seeking the safety of the pool. I practically dove through the doorway to get by him and then I was really diving, right off the edge into the deep end. The water, colder than I had expected, was brisk and invigorating. Cool bubbles surrounded me, rising up from beneath my body and disappearing as I reached the bottom and pushed off against it, sending myself shooting back up to the surface.

I threw my head back as I broke through the water, flipping my wet hair with a smack against my bare back. I looked around, trying to find Jimmy, and saw him diving into the water, slicing into it cleanly with a smooth arc. I had just enough time to marvel again at the perfection of his body before I felt his hands sliding around my ankles, pulling my feet from under me and sending me flying backward. I swallowed a huge mouthful of water, half panicking and half laughing at the surprise attack, and then his hands were at my sides, lifting me up. I coughed, catching my breath as my heart pounded, and his words were sweet in my ears as he held me close: "Where have you been hiding, you gorgeous, sexy creature?"

"I was always right in front of you," I whispered huskily. "You just never noticed."

"Well, I sure am noticing now."



LETTER OF THE MONTH

Jimmy's arms slid around my waist, pulling me to him as his lips met mine in a long, soulful kiss. My breasts pressed wetly against his broad chest, and my hands slipped over his muscular shoulders. Droplets of water from his hair slid down over my fingers as I clasped them at the nape of his neck. My tongue flicked tentatively at his lips, and I tasted lingering traces of salty perspiration. He parted my lips with his tongue, which I sucked greedily into my mouth, making him moan. Beneath the water our thighs met, and I felt his cock stirring against my stomach, growing even harder as his tongue thrust between my lips, fucking my mouth. My clit was throbbing, and I felt moisture welling in my pussy that had nothing to do with the water.

I slid my leg up his calf, my ankle catching at the back of his knee embracing him with my whole body. Standing up on my toes, I fit my body against his as best I could. I was practically climbing his brawny body. I'm leggy, but Jimmy is still much taller than me. I just couldn't raise myself high enough to get his cock where I wanted

it so badly. But he knew what I craved, and I could tell by the hardness of his erection against my stomach that his needs complemented mine. Cupping the round cheeks of my ass in his palms to give me a boost, Jimmy yanked me up against him hard. His swelling cock bumped against my needy sex.

Jimmy whispered in my ear, "Lie back. I've got you."

I untangled my arms from around him and reclined my body to float on the water. He held my hips as my hair swirled around my shoulders. I looked up at him, so desperate to finally fuck him. My nipples were hard, rosy peaks—both from the cold water and my arousal. I begged him to take me right then and there, but he had other ideas.

Jimmy slipped down low into the water so that my calves gripped him around his chest and nestled under his arms. Then he lowered his head and began licking my cunt, which floated just above the waterline. I moaned loudly because his tongue felt so good. Jimmy flicked at my clit as the water lapped against my pussy at the same time,

sending waves of ecstasy right through me. He kneaded my ass with his fingers, spreading my cheeks apart indecently. As he pushed a finger between my ass cheeks, I squirmed until I felt the tip dip inside. Jimmy started to lick me faster, his tongue darting over and around my clit, and even inside my pussy. I was both trying to float and trying to push myself closer to his handsome face as he drove me closer to orgasm with each stroke of his tongue.

When he started fucking my ass with his finger, I went wild. I thrashed in the water, splashing us both. I was completely unable to keep still and writhed madly. I wanted to thrust my body up toward his mouth and down onto his finger all at once. Then Jimmy sucked my clit between his lips, pressing my hard little nub against his teeth, and I couldn't stand it anymore. Moaning loudly as I came, I bucked at his mouth and shuddered against his face, practically dancing on the tip of his finger.

My orgasm stretched out into a long glorious moment, and Jimmy knew just what to do to keep my bliss going. He slowed the motion of his tongue without completely stopping, so my pleasure built up again. All the while, he maneuvered us gently to the shallowest part of the pool. I was about to come for a second time when he pulled his mouth away. I groaned, and Jimmy chuckled as he looked down at my flushed breasts and reddened face where he noticed the little pout of disappointment on my lips.

"Don't you worry, I have something you'll like even more," he promised, rising up out of the water and pulling me by my hips to him. He pressed the tip of his hard cock against my pussy. At that moment, I wanted nothing more than to feel his huge rod spreading my pussy open and filling me up.

"Oh, please, give it to me now!" I begged.

I pressed my hips to meet and





encourage him. For a moment of sheer agony he paused, with the head of his cock nudging against my slit but not truly entering me. I craned my neck as I floated in the water, wanting to watch that glorious cock slide between my pussy lips. Jimmy tightened his grip on my hips, and then with a quick motion he thrust his cock deep inside my cunt. His big dick drove all the way into me, and he had barely gotten his whole staff inside me before I came again. He felt so good, and I'd wanted him for so long, that I just couldn't help myself.

Blindly, I reached out my hand and caught hold of the side of the pool, or I might have gone under. Jimmy held my hips firmly, pulling me onto him as I writhed in the throes of orgasm. He began thrusting so deeply into me that I felt his balls slap wetly against my body with every inward stroke. Jimmy whispered hoarsely, telling me how beautiful I was as my pussy pulsed around his thrusting shaft.

“JIMMY YANKED ME UP AGAINST HIM. HIS COCK BUMPED AGAINST MY NEEDY SEX.”

Over and over again, he pierced me with that big, beautiful cock with long, powerful strokes. As he pulled back, he'd draw his hard length nearly all the way out each time before he'd once again plunge in deep. Soon his thrusts quickened and grew more erratic, and every muscle in his body seemed to tighten as he quickly approached his release. With a passion-filled shout,

Jimmy threw back his head, piercing me anew with his throbbing hardness as he let loose. As I felt his hot come spurt into me, I tumbled over the edge again, my voice joining his in a joyous moan as we climaxed together, creating ripples in the water around us as our hips rocked in unison.

It was a long moment before we spoke again. I looked up at him with happiness and Jimmy responding with a sweet, goofy grin on his face. He pulled away from me slowly, gathering me up in his arms and holding me tight. I relaxed in his arms for a delicious time, drowsy and content.

But after a while we'd both had enough of the water and climbed up out of the pool to dry off in the sun. I lay down on a towel on the porch while Jimmy curled up in a nearby rope hammock. The weather was warm and pleasant, and it just felt good to stretch out lazily and take it easy after being so thoroughly pleased.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

We must have dozed off, because when I awoke the sun was high in the sky, and I began to panic, thinking the owners would be home soon. But once I calmed down, I realized we still had a couple hours left to be naked and lazy.

I looked over at Jimmy, and a smile crossed my face as I thought of a fun way to wake him. I crawled quietly underneath his hammock on all fours. He hadn't bothered to dress again—and neither had I. His cock, now soft, rested lightly against the mesh of the

hammock, tempting me to taste it.

I brought my mouth up to the web of the hammock, flicking my tongue out to tickle the head of his cock through a gap in the ropes. Jimmy stirred, moaning a little. I pressed my lips right up to the ropes, flicking my tongue roughly over his cock, which responded instantly—and so did Jimmy. His eyes flew open and then grew wide in amazement as he realized what I was doing. He maneuvered his cock through one of the holes in the hammock, so I was free to blow him. It was like some sort of summertime glory hole, and I laughed at the thought before eagerly swallowing his shaft. Sealing my lips around his dick, I began to worship his cock with my lips and tongue. I relaxed my throat, trying to take as much of his hard cock into my mouth as I could.

Jimmy whispered thickly, "That's right. Take it all. You little cocksucker"

I loved the taste of him. I loved the way he pumped himself, fucking both the hammock and my mouth. He shoved his cock between my lips, then drew it back teasingly before pushing it back

in a little deeper. I let my teeth graze the tender tip of him, and his desperate gasp excited me. Reaching down between my thighs, I pinched my clit between my fingers as I continued to suck him. As I rubbed my wet pussy, Jimmy murmured appreciatively. He kept his eyes locked on me as I shamelessly stroked my cunt. I could tell he was turned on by the sight of me getting myself off. I clamped my lips more tightly around him, my tongue working with purpose. Jimmy was thrusting wildly above me, and his cock was slamming against the back of my throat.

I jammed two fingers inside my pussy, and that seemed to set us both off. Once more Jimmy burst inside me, this time filling my mouth with his thick come. I plunged my fingers in and out of my cunt, and I exploded around them. With muffled moans, I rode out my climax, swallowing his load greedily. I held his throbbing cock in my mouth until he released his last jet of cream. He pulled back to watch the last moments of my pleasure. I was still fucking myself and delicious little aftershocks wracked my body. Jimmy smiled at me through the mesh of the hammock, telling me he'd never seen a more beautiful sight.

When I finally came to my senses again, I carefully licked his cock clean, to ensure my tongue had caught every drop of his delicious essence.

We dressed quickly, not wanting to get caught. Thankfully, we were smart enough to finish our work before our afternoon hookup, so we were able to clear out and leave no evidence of our playful encounter. As we loaded our gear in the truck, I looked out over the expansive lawn and its plentiful bushes and flowers and cozy little nooks. The landscaping at that property required constant care, and summer had just begun. I smiled, thinking of all the work Jimmy and I had ahead of us.

—R.S., Los Angeles, California

**“JIMMY STARTED
TO LICK ME
FASTER, HIS
TONGUE DARTING
OVER AND
AROUND MY CLIT.”**





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OPEN DOOR

My first ménage à trois was about to become a reality, and I had Lila to thank for it. I'd been with plenty of women, but only one at a time. The idea of a threeway had haunted me for years, an erotic specter always teasing, always flitting just out of reach.

Lila was a vivacious, free-spirited woman I'd been seeing off and on for a while. I knew she had numerous other lovers, as well as a sexual history that read like a lost book of the Kama Sutra.

One night in bed I had confessed my long-held unfulfilled wish to have sex with two women at the same time. I knew it wasn't an uncommon or unwholesome yearning. I was also aware that only a handful of men I'd ever personally known in my life could credibly be said to have achieved that goal.

Lila had sat up, grinning at me. She seized my just-spent cock and started expertly kneading me back to hardness.

"Oh, we'll have to fix that!" she said, like she was accepting a challenge. Seconds later, she climbed back atop my meat and rode me furiously, telling me all the while she would set me up beyond my wildest fantasies.

So there I was a few days later, at Lila's place, lying naked on her monstrously big bed. Lila and another woman named Gina were undressing at the foot, pausing repeatedly to kiss and touch one another. Both women were unbelievably gorgeous. As their tongues tangled and their clothing fell away, my cock stood up straight and primed as anticipation swelled within me.

After a little more groping and face-sucking, the women moved onto the bed and crawled toward me. I drank in the stunning sight of all that naked feminine wonder. At that moment, I felt—rightly—like the luckiest man in the world. Pornographic dreams don't often come to life, but I was the cusp of having this one jizz all over my reality.

Lila and Gina came and lay down on either side of me. Their smooth,

firm bodies pressed against me. Gina immediately put her mouth on mine, and I met her wriggling tongue. Meanwhile, Lila caressed my chest, then bent to nibble playfully on a nipple.

I slipped my arms around both women, reaching down to gently grasp the sweet swells of their asses. A thousand fantasized images crashed in my brain, but I banished them all. Nothing, I knew, was going to be better than the real thing.

The proof of that came as Gina and Lila both started kissing their way down my body. As I watched excitedly, their mouths homed in on my straining cock. Pleasure that went somehow beyond the physical overwhelmed me. Their tongues slathered my swollen cockhead. They lapped up my drizzling pre-come. One woman fondled my balls as the other began to jerk my steel-hard shaft.

Ecstasy made my brain spin as my body was filled with bliss. After those women had gotten enough of the taste of my cock, I was going to fuck both of them. We would combine every which way, fulfilling all the mathematical possibilities of three eager lovers who—

"Oh, I see you've already started."

The strange voice startled me. My gaze snapped up to see a woman I didn't know standing right there in the bedroom, smiling down at our trio. As if that wasn't shocking enough to me, she began to matter-of-factly undress.

Lila, who'd been sliding her mouth along my cock harmonica-style, lifted her head. "Deb, come join us!"

And Deb, incredibly, did just that. Naked, she smoothly slipped up onto the bed, grinning at me. She was as lovely as the other two, and evidently knew them well. She traded a slaving tongue-kiss with Gina, then with Lila. Then—because my mind wasn't already blown enough—she joined the huddle over my cock, putting her mouth on me and dropping it onto my quivering staff, slowly swallowing me right down to my balls.



I cried out and almost spunked right then. But the three—pardon me—fourway was still in progress. Lila squirmed back up beside me. I gave her a dazed, inquiring look, but she simply smiled. Then she climbed up to straddle my face, and I met her lowering pussy with my hungry mouth. I lapped at her slick lips, then jammed my tongue hard up into her. She writhed on me, smearing her juices on my lips and chin.

Meanwhile, her two partners in sexual crime traded my cock between their mouths for a while. Then one of them—I couldn't tell which because Lila was blocking my line of sight in the most wonderful way—got on top of me, taking my shaft up into the grasping wetness of her pussy. As she rode me, her hands came around to squeeze Lila's generous tits.

I felt swamped by luscious feminine flesh. Lila's familiar flavor delighted my tongue as my hips thrust up into the semi-anonymous pussy clasp my cock. This was fucking paradise. It couldn't get any better than me in the mix with three beautiful, eager women.

"Well, looks like we're fashionably late."

This new voice was almost drowned out as Lila let out a loud moan of orgasmic release and flooded my mouth with her honey. When she unsaddled herself from my face, I looked up, blinking dazedly.

Yet another woman was in the bedroom, also disrobing. *This is too fucking good to be true*, I thought as her lush tits heaved into view.

And it was—sort of. A man stepped out from behind the new arrival. He undressed as casually as the rest, revealing a body as muscled and athletic as mine. He also, unsurprisingly, sported a fierce hard-on.

Lila leaned down to kiss my juice-wet lips. She said, "I put the word out with some friends. More might stop by, if they can make it."

With that, the new woman pounced



"I LAPPED AT HER SLICK LIPS, THEN JAMMED MY TONGUE HARD UP INTO HER."

onto the bed, made for me and proceeded to lick Lila's love sauce off my face with greedy swipes of her tongue. Meanwhile, Deb and Gina welcomed the male newcomer. They laced their hands around his cock and started pumping him, while he grinned and fingered their pussies.

Lila hadn't arranged my first ménage à trois for me. She'd thrown me into a full-on, come-crazy orgy. At that moment I loved her more than anyone or anything I'd ever known in my life.

The new woman finished cleaning my face with her tongue. I had reclined on my back throughout all this. Now, I rolled up onto my knees. I gave the new woman a ferocious kiss, squeezing her succulent tits, then turned her around. She went helpfully onto her hands and knees and thrust her ripe ass back at me.

I moved in behind her, practically quaking with intense desire. All around me bodies were squirming. Lila was sucking Deb's pussy, while the new

guy was being ridden by Gina, who had her feet planted flat on the bed as she bounced up and down on his stiff meat.

The new guy and woman had arrived together. If they were girlfriend and boyfriend, I was about to fuck his paramour in front of him. Considering what he was up to, that wasn't going to be a problem. Apparently, this was a true free-fuck-for-all.

Even so, I experienced a delicious sense of taboo as I placed my hands on the new woman's fine ass and sank my cock into her pussy from behind. Her heat and wetness sucked me right in. She tossed her head and let out a happy grunt as I drove deep. I felt spring-loaded and ready to blow.

I stroked my cock into the pussy before me. There was pleasure in the act, to be sure. But having others nearby added to my joy. Alongside us, Deb's face twisted with bliss as Lila devoured her pussy. Beyond them, the new guy was thrusting up into Gina, who plunged repeatedly onto his cock.

My fuck-buddy reached out and caressed Deb's tits. The guy seemed to stretch out blindly, his hand alighting on Lila's backside. He started fingering her asshole, even as he continued to play fuck-pony to Gina's orgasmic cowgirl.

My balls spanked against flesh as my cock drove to the woman's slippery depths. Suddenly, my partner shuddered, and then convulsed. Her climax left her temporarily limp, and I let her collapse onto her belly. Lila came up for air, and I moved over to slot my cock into Deb's well-eaten pussy. She

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welcomed me in, thrusting up against my downward lunge.

Incredibly, still more people showed up, apparently just letting themselves in. Lila's literal open-door policy was in full effect, and everybody was anxious to join the party. I caused Deb to writhe in a wild orgasm, then I shifted over to Gina, who'd finally climbed off her friend's cock.

Gina thrashed underneath me, her legs swinging up to wrap around my waist. The guy was now plowing Lila's ass. Two women were snarled in a wicked 69 right beside them. I was losing track of who was who as the late arrivals climbed onto the great playground of the bed.

I recognized a few faces from Lila's bohemian social circle, but the identities started to blur in the overall erotic mist. The scent of sex was everywhere, the perfume of pussy juice and come. It was a haphazard but absolutely thrilling swamp of pleasure. Stray jizz spattered my leg at one point, and I only laughed. While I was fucking a lively redhead, somebody fingered my ass for a minute or two. I didn't bother looking to see if it was a woman or a man.

Of course, I couldn't hold back my own climax forever, and when it arrived,

**“AS SHE RODE
ME, HER
HANDS CAME
AROUND TO
SQUEEZE LILA'S
GENEROUS TITS.”**

it was glorious. The redhead shook so violently through her own orgasm that we uncoupled just as I was going off, so I ended up spraying my load across her belly and tits. Two people crawled out of the surrounding mass and lapped the goo off her.

I reeled amidst the spectacle. Already my cock was stirring for another go-round, or two or three. The moment was fantastically beautiful, all these joyful cooperative bodies, united in pervasive pleasure.

Lila arose from the swelling, panting, moaning throng. She curled up against me, smiling. Sweat slicked her body,

and come had dried on her tits. I held her and pressed my exquisitely sore lips against her wet mouth. Her hand moved instinctively to my cock, which began to languidly thicken in her grip.

“Is this better than a threeway?” she asked, giggling.

I slipped my hand between her damp thighs. As my fingers brushed her pussy, I knew I didn't have to answer her question.

—C.W., Chicago, Illinois

🍷 SMORGASBORD

The summer after my junior year in college, I worked for a catering company, waitressing and doing occasional prep. This entailed nights and weekends at some of the most gorgeous and exclusive homes in town, and sometimes in the lush estates outside the city, too. There was no end to the decadence around me: from the gourmet food we served, to the lavishly dressed guests, the regal historic houses and the sexual proclivities of our very rich patrons.

I will not lie; I have changed some of the names and some details of my story because I would not want to jeopardize myself by exposing some of my former city's most upstanding citizens—even though I no longer live in there. Though I'm back often enough for business. And yes, it's still as decadent as ever.

Almost 20 years ago, during one of my first big parties—an engagement soiree—I came across the father of the bride getting serviced in the pantry closet by his daughter's best friend. She didn't see me, but he did—we made full-on eye contact while that young woman in taffeta was on her knees devouring his cock. She wasn't much older than me. I realized for a middle-aged guy, he wasn't that bad-looking. He still had a full head

of hair, bright blue eyes and a rather large cock—so I gathered from the girl's gagging noises.

Thankfully, instead of having me fired, the father of the bride—Mr. T—slipped me a \$100 tip later that night to ensure my discretion. As a 21-year-old trying to pay her tuition, it's not like I would've talked and risked my job—but who would have thought being an "accidental witness" would catapult me across the threshold into an alternate sexual universe that I continue to explore in my 40s.

See, it turns out I had caught Mr. T's eye. While catering a charity golf event a couple weeks later, he spotted me across the floor and waved me over to his table.

As I closed the distance between us, I knew he recognized me—but I was sort of hoping I was mistaken. I demurred and smiled blankly, like he was any other guest.

"Can I get you another drink, sir?"

"No, thank you. I'm fine for now. But I wanted to get your name this time, Miss—?"

"Call me Laurel."

"Well..." His eyes trailed over my body. Even in the modest attire of a banquet server, my nubile figure was impossible to truly conceal. "Miss Laurel, let me thank you again for handling the wedding 'situation' the way you did." He lowered his voice to add, "Ever since my wife passed, I've found I'm a bit, uh, restless. But for obvious reasons, I don't want my daughter finding out about my hobbies."

"Not a problem, sir. I understand."

"Now, I have a friend who is throwing a big party the day after tomorrow, and she's short a few hands. She's willing to pay double your rate"—he leaned forward to whisper—"with the understanding that this job would require some discretion on your part." He paused and studied my face. "Is this something you'd be interested in?"

I nodded, "Of course, sir." What broke college kid says no to money?

"Wonderful." He smiled and pulled out a business card. "Give her a call tomorrow morning and tell her I sent you."

"Will do. Thank you, Mr. T."

"I'll see you there," he said with a wink.

I wasn't surprised to hear that.

The next morning, I called Ms. M. She had a buttery accent and a warm personality over the phone—and in person. And speaking of her "person," Ms. M was an auburn-haired lady in her 40s who looked a decade younger, with a "Jessica Rabbit" figure. No doubt she had an amazing plastic surgeon.

Now, the party itself was completely normal. We served cocktails, there were speeches, and then dinner, dessert and some dancing. Most of the guests had left when Ms. M summoned me upstairs, instructing me to bring a bottle of champagne.

She had a beautiful back veranda that stretched across the entire second floor of her riverside estate. I stepped outside, naturally expecting to find her there entertaining some stragglers, but the

open-air porch was totally deserted.

"Over here," a voice called out from the master suite, which, like every other room, opened onto the veranda through French doors.

I was definitely not prepared for the sight of the busty Ms. M fully nude and straddling the lap of a much younger Latino-looking man in a chair, while Mr. T and his 20-something blowjob bridesmaid, Bea, were already fucking on the bed.

Bea was riding him reverse-cowgirl, and unlike last time, she looked right at me. She cupped her small tits and then reached down to stroke her clit. I couldn't pull my eyes away from the sight of her smooth, shaved pussy, which swallowed Mr. T's shaft with every downward motion. Her wavy, jaw-length brunette bob gave her the look of a wood nymph meets flapper girl as she ground her tiny hips.

Then I felt eyes on me, and sure enough, Ms. M was watching me watch Bea. I fought to regain my composure.



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"Hun? If you wouldn't mind pouring a round?"

"Not at all, ma'am." I tried to remain professional.

"And when you're done, go ahead and make yourself comfortable, if you'd like. I love to be watched."

"Oh!" came my startled reply.

"Don't worry," Bea purred. "We'll make sure you get a hell of a tip."

Mr. T laughed.

Ms. M got up and touched my arm. It was impossible not to stare at her incredible body—and feel a little jealous. "If you're not into it, not a problem. There's no pressure."

"I...I can stay. It's fine." After refilling their glasses, I sat down in a chair across from the bed. I crossed my legs, already feeling wetness pooling in my panties.

"Great." Ms. M smiled and motioned for her boy toy, Anthony, to join her on the bed. At that point, Bea dismounted Mr. T and got on all fours, so she and her lover could fix their eyes on me while he took her from behind. Ms. M laid down in front of them and guided Bea's eager tongue to her pussy. While

Bea ate Ms. M, Anthony put his cock in Ms. M's mouth.

The foursome fucked one another until almost 3 a.m., but the time seemed to zoom by. I left that night with \$800 dollars extra in tips, and I had to pull over on the drive home to finger-fuck my soaked pussy in my car.

You better believe when Ms. M called the next week, I gladly took another job. And the same thing went down at the end of the night, except that time it was Mr. T, another guy—who is now

**"BEFORE I KNEW
IT, I HAD
TWO WOMEN'S
TONGUES
SLITHERING OVER
MY PUSSY."**

an important local politician—that guy's wife and Ms. M.

I sat there watching in rapt silence, utterly captivated by what unfolded before my eyes. I was young and pretty, with brunette girl-next-door looks and green eyes. But I'd been single for a year—and it was swiftly becoming the summer of sexual frustration.

I was so envious of these women, so open and wild, getting their every desire satisfied—in ways I'd never tried—but I didn't want to invite myself into their clusterfuck and risk losing easy tuition money.

Well, after a couple more weekends of watching the after-party orgies, I almost creamed my panties when Ms. M phoned me with an exciting new proposal.

"I'm not calling to ask you to work, but I'd like to know how you'd feel about being a guest this evening? And maybe joining me and Bea with some... gentlemen callers?"

In a voice I couldn't believe was my own, I replied, "Sure!"

I'd never felt sexier as I got ready. I slipped on a slinky black dress, no bra and a lace thong. Ms. M sent a car for me, so I didn't even have to drive. I had the whole ride to fantasize about the night ahead.

Instead of a lavishly catered party, I found myself alone with Bea and Ms. M in the lounge.

"You don't mind being the center of attention tonight, do you?" Bea asked me, as she poured us glasses of wine.

I shook my head and smiled. "I just... hope I don't disappoint."

"I don't think there's any way you could," Ms. M said before leaning in close to stage whisper, "Now it's my pleasure to serve you."

"I want to second that." Mr. T entered the room with Ms. M's boy toy following close behind. "Laurel, you remember Anthony?"

"Yes, of course I remember." I smiled.



Bea then surprised me with a kiss on the lips. She fondled my breasts through the thin fabric of my dress as she said, "Let's get this party started."

"I couldn't agree more," said Ms. M, who came up behind me and slipped off my dress. Then she slowly drew my thong down while Bea sucked my nipples. My knees buckled, so they had me lie down, and before I knew it, I had two women's tongues slithering over my pussy.

Delirious with pleasure, I reached up and grabbed for Mr. T's hefty cock as he stepped closer.

"That's right, take what you want," he said.

Meanwhile, Anthony got behind Ms. M and started fucking her—first her pussy, and then her ass after she instructed him to get the lube.

Bea beckoned Mr. T toward my wet entrance, saying, "She's so ready for you."

"Oh fuck!" I gasped, as he eased his erection inside me.

While Mr. T stuffed my pussy to the brim, Bea further demonstrated her expert oral skills, lapping at his cock and balls as he thrust in and out of me.

After I came the first time, Ms. M asked if she could fuck me with her strap-on—and if Anthony could plow my ass. Naturally, I said yes. Sandwiched between Ms. M's tits and Anthony's muscular body, my first ever double-penetration felt exhilarating. I had no idea I could come so hard—or so long!

At some point Ms. M finally came, and Anthony pulled out and shot his load on my ass. I looked up and saw Bea riding Mr. T again, frantically rubbing her clit. As we made eye contact, she gave me a knowing, naughty smile. Once I caught my breath from that amazing DP, I couldn't wait to eat her cunt.

My wild college days might be long over, but to this day, Bea's smile and an inviting pussy continue to brighten my visits whenever I'm in town.

—L.A., via email



MEMBERS ONLY

The university sex party was legendary. But none of the newcomers to campus knew if there was any truth to the legend. I wanted it to be real so bad my cock throbbed at the possibility.

I wasn't exactly sex-starved, mind you. I was a fit, athletic guy. There were a lot of women around, and some were interested in exploring their desires as much as I was.

One particular girl, Hallie, was loads of fun. I knew she was seeing other guys, but that didn't make our fuck sessions any less intense and wild. She especially liked me, she said, because I came like a gusher. She loved it when I pulled out of her right at the end and hosed down her belly and tits with my jizz. It was like an orgasmic bonus for her, sending her over the edge into a final fit of come-fever.

I got it into my head that if anybody knew about the infamous campus sex party, it was her. The legend went like this: It was an invitation-only orgy, held once a month at a secret location. I'd experienced a couple of threeways since coming to college. But I wanted to push things to the limit—actually, past the limit, to be honest.

What can I say? I was a curious, fuck-hungry dude, eager to stick my cock into as many willing holes as possible.

One night, Hallie and I were screwing like beasts. She'd already shuddered

through a couple of climaxes, and I knew she was aching for my final punk-blast. Near the brink, I pulled out of her pussy and rose up on my knees, my slick, hard cock poised above her. She lay spread out before me, writhing on the bed, with her face alight with joy as she fingered herself.

I said, "Take me with you to the party, Hallie."

She moaned, rubbing her clit as she uttered, "What? Just come on me, Evan. Please!"

It was an incredible effort of self-restraint, kneeling over her with my meat in hand and keeping myself right on the edge of blasting off.

"I want to go to the sex party. Take me."

With her eyes riveted on my glistening cock, she announced, "Yes! I'll take you! Now fucking shoot!"

Two pumps of my fist, and I was laying thick gooey ropes of come all over her heaving body. She convulsed through a mad climax, then smeared my pearly spunk on her skin, kneading it into her nice tits.

What I'd done was a damn dirty trick, I admit. But my instinct had been right. Hallie was in on the conspiracy. Laughing, she told me to be ready for the party the following night.

Of course, I could barely sleep. The next night I met up with Hallie. She led me on a circuitous route around campus to make sure nobody was following us. It was like a spy movie. Finally, we slipped into the dark gym building through a

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utility door. We went down into the basement. At another door, Hallie gave a coded knock.

For a few seconds, I thought it all might be a joke—that she was getting revenge on me for the previous night. I wouldn't have blamed her. But I wanted this so bad I was trembling with pent-up horniness.

When the door was opened, I was relieved. We were in an old storeroom, with no one there but the person who'd unlocked the door. That person was buck-ass naked, though, and the room was spread with discarded clothing. Hallie started to strip. Eagerly, I did the same.

The small room led into a much bigger one. As I stood at the threshold, a sense of wonder filled me. I felt like an explorer discovering a lost treasure. My cock twitched erect, and anticipation prickled my skin. I beheld the legendary orgy.

About two dozen bodies were arrayed before me. Old wrestling mats covered the floor wall to wall, and across them people were squirming and wriggling, sucking and licking, fucking and

moaning. For a moment I froze, my brain overloading. It was like erotic overkill—so much flesh. So many sexual acts, all being performed at once. I couldn't take it all in.

But I hadn't gone there to gawk. Hallie took my hand and led me in. My mind kicked back into gear, and the sights and scents and sounds all washed over me.

I saw a woman getting her pussy eaten by another girl, while a guy knelt beside her head and slid his cock in and out of her mouth. Then I realized that behind the pussy-licking woman was another man who was fucking her from behind with slow strokes. Meanwhile, the man with his cock in the woman's mouth was himself fingering another woman who lay nearby. And she, in turn, was jerking yet another man's hard shaft while she sucked on his balls.

The interconnectivity was stunning. The room was sweet with the aromas of sweat and come and pussy juices. The voices groaned with pleasure, sliding up and down the musical scale. Here and there a high octave was hit as

someone reached climax.

Hallie drew me down onto the big mat. She grinned at me, then kissed me, taking my cock in her hand and pumping me. In a daze, I touched her tits and fingered her pussy, finding her wet and ready.

I was keenly aware of all the bodies around us. Once again, I froze but this time just for a few self-conscious seconds. A guy was already moving in behind Hallie, nuzzling the nape of her neck. She reached back and cupped his balls.

A woman's hand reached out of the mass and took hold of my cock. I saw it was connected to a pretty face I recognized. In fact, I personally knew maybe a third of the people there. A few of the women I'd already fucked. But it was the general sense of welcome that struck me in that moment. Hallie had vouched for me by bringing me there. That meant I belonged; she had done me a great favor.

I didn't need to immediately repay it, however. The guy who'd slipped in behind Hallie had now slotted his cock into her, having pulled her up on top of him. Her gorgeous body writhed with pleasure as he thrust up into her.

Meanwhile, the woman with my hard shaft in her fist had squirmed closer and put her mouth on me. I felt her tongue wriggling around my sensitive cockhead, then her encircling lips descended my shaft. She sucked me down to my balls. I moaned out loud, adding to the continual chorus of pleasurable noises.

Emboldened, I put out my hand and caressed a woman's rump, simply because it was within reach. I squeezed the firm cheek, then slipped my fingers into her crack, first grazing the pucker of her asshole before trailing my fingertips along the wet seam of her pussy. She shivered with delight as she busily lapped at another girl's gleaming slit.

At that moment, another woman fairly threw herself on me. Somehow, she hooked a leg over my shoulder and I



found myself on my back, as the previous woman continued to suck my cock.

The limber newcomer was now straddling my face, her dripping pussy hovering just over my mouth. I inhaled the enticing fragrance of her, put my hands on her hips and pulled her down onto my tongue.

The taste of her filled my mouth instantly. She ground herself against my face, her wet pussy lips smearing over my chin. I stabbed my tongue upward, seeking her pulsing clit. All the while I was still getting blown, the other woman's talented mouth rising and dropping on my shaft.

The woman riding my face let out a sharp squeal. I held her on my mouth as she bucked, her climax undulating through her as her warm juices coated my lips. Afterward, she slid limply and happily to one side. The cocksucker, meantime, had climbed up and was now fitting my spit-shiny cockhead into her pussy. She dropped down onto me, her cunt hot and tight, delivering an intense jolt of bliss.

As she bounced on my cock, I thrust up into her. Her tits bounced above me as hands—one belonging to a man, the other to a woman—reached up on either side and groped her, tweaking her stiff nipples.

If I'd had any misgivings about my situation, it was that I might blow my load right away, overwhelmed by the panoply of sex. But I found myself in a state of almost supercharged arousal, yet able to hold back my final explosion. It was like being on the constant brink of ultimate rapture, enjoying every second of it but maintaining control.

The girl rode my rod to a shuddering climax, then climbed off. Before anyone else could hop on, I sat up. My head spun delightfully as all around me bodies continued to churn and writhe. I crawled across the crowded mats until a woman's finely molded backside presented itself to me. On her hands and knees, she was sucking off a guy I knew



“THE ROOM WAS SWEET WITH THE AROMAS OF SWEAT, COME AND PUSSY JUICES.”

from my chem class. It was crazy.

I caressed her hip to let her know I was there, and she looked back and smiled. She tossed her head, silently inviting me to join them, so I slid my cock into her cunt.

I moved in tighter behind her, gripping her waist and starting to seriously thrust into her. The spectacle of sexual excess didn't stop. Everywhere my gaze strayed I saw commingling bodies, every act adding to the force of the next, making the whole room appear to buzz with energy.

I fucked the woman harder as the

guy from chem class jizzed all over her face. I waited until the woman had spasmed through a climax, then moved on, wanting to sample more of the possibilities the evening offered.

I chose random partners and was welcomed by all. I jammed my cock into pussy after pussy, as juices spilled and cries of ecstasy rang out. It felt like hours had passed since our adventure began.

Finally, I needed to come. Somehow Hallie and I managed to reconnect. I fucked her with abandon, and her eyes blazed. I knew what she wanted. At the end I pulled out and rained my come all over her to show her my gratitude.

—E.S., San Francisco, California

Ever been to an orgy? A cocktail party that tumbled into a group grope? A neighborly relaxation in a hot tub that bubbled into a torrid scene? If you've been involved in any sexual scenario resembling team sports, why not share it with your fellow readers? Send your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department CF, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or e-mail it to: letters@penthouse.com.

❶ CUT & BLOW

Abby popped her head around the corner just as I sat down in my chair to eat my lunch. "I booked you for someone in about 20. A new client. He said he has a job interview and is desperate to look professional. You were the only one with time, seeing as you're the only one here," she said with a laugh.

I groaned and waved her off. "Fine. At least shut the door so I can eat my lunch," I told her.

She rolled her eyes, gave me the finger, and then she shut the damn door.

The salon where I work was once a residential house. It's split up into sections. The largest back section that had been the kitchen now contains three stall-like stations. Each has a chair for the house stylists. Perk: each one has a door. Non-perk: the walls are paper thin. We make do. As I was the only stylist in that day, Abby was handling all the nail calls, while I was all about the hair.

I washed down the last bite of my meal with a soda just as my door opened, and Abby announced, "This is Josh. Josh wants to look more like a professional manly man than a skate rat."

Josh grinned but nodded in agreement. "It's true."

"I have Mrs. C. She's here for her manicure. So, call if you need anything. But don't call." Abby waved at me. I stuck my tongue out at her when my client wasn't looking.

I couldn't help but notice Josh was buff like a skate rat. His hair was cut asymmetrically. The style worked well with his handsome face and bright blue eyes, but not if he was trying to get a buttoned-up kind of job.

I hadn't been out on a date in quite a while. Let alone had sex. So I was hyperaware of how good-looking he was, even though he was so much younger



than me. I had a good 20 years on his 20-something age, but that kind of age difference hadn't stopped me in the past.

"Have a seat," I said. "I have to find a smock, and then I'll take you back to get you washed."

He sat in my chair and looked around my space. "Is that you?" he asked, pointing at a photo of me from long ago at a hair show. My do was short, stuck up in a mohawk; my hair was also dyed a shocking shade of pink.

"That's me," I laughed, rummaging in the cabinet for a vinyl cape. When I glanced in his direction, I couldn't help but notice Josh was studying my ass.

"You haven't changed much," he murmured.

God, his eyes were blue. And my pussy was revving like an engine in my jeans. I could feel my cunt getting wetter by the second.

"I was about your age in that picture."

He shrugged, unimpressed. "You look the same but for the hair."

My hair was currently a short choppy bob in a lovely shade of turquoise. What can I say, I'm offbeat.

I smocked my new client and led him to the sink. "Let's wash this so we can cut it. Shouldn't take long. Do you have any ideas of what you want?"

"It's on my phone." He was staring

at me intently as I directed him back toward the sink.

I got a pump of shampoo after wetting his head and pushed my fingers into his thick hair. My breasts aren't small, and they were right in his face. An occupational hazard. As I lathered him up, my tits brushed his cheek and I heard him suck in some air. I had to keep from laughing.

I continued to soap him, not keeping my tits in check, letting them occasionally graze his cheek, his chin, his eyebrow. At one point, his mouth gaped open and I'm pretty sure my nipple brushed over his lips.

My pussy was gushing, and I decided right there I'd screw him if I could. What the hell, I could use a good fucking.

I sat him up, towed his hair and held out my hand. "Now to cut."

Once in my chair, he showed me his reference pic on his phone, and I shrugged. "That won't take long at all."

I ran my hands through his hair and happened to glance down. His cock was hard. I smiled, moving his hair this way and that to see what I liked. Then, taking a gamble, I slid my fingers down his body to graze his hard-on. He watched me in the mirror, his mouth open. I swear I felt his cock jerk beneath my touch.

"Is that okay?" I asked. "That I touch you?" I hoped like hell it was.

“MY PUSSY WAS GUSHING, AND I DECIDED RIGHT THERE I’D SCREW HIM IF I COULD.”

He mumbled something unintelligible but was nodding the whole time.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” I replied.

“Yes,” he managed to verbalize.

Pushing aside the smock, I unzipped his pants and found no briefs. Bonus. I pushed my fingers into his fly and rubbed them along the hard length of his naked shaft. His hips shot up a few inches, seeking more of my touch.

I pulled out his dick and saw him glance at the door. I winked before reaching over to engage the hook and eye latch to guarantee us a bit of privacy.

“Not too sturdy but no one will force it open. We let each other be around here,” I whispered in an attempt to reassure him.

He nodded, and when my fingers circled his erection again, he let out a soft sigh. I had the feeling he didn’t need all that much convincing. But I didn’t want to take any chances.

I stroked his dick slowly and then squeezed him hard. I bent to take him in my mouth and heard him swallow a moan. I lapped at him and tasted the salty burst of his pre-come at the tip of his cock.

Then I straightened myself and combed out his hair. His smock was pulled up to his stomach, his bare cock standing erect through his open fly. I found the clippers and put on the guard, then I buzzed his sides down to a nice neat level.

The center of his hair would remain



longer and needed the scissors. But that could wait.

First, I put my hands on the chair’s arms, hovering just above his hard cock. Then I looked up at him. “Do you want me to suck you again?”

He nodded.

“Say it, then.”

“Suck my dick.”

“Cock,” I said, winking.

“Cock,” he said on an exhale.

“Good boy.” I slid my lips down his shaft. I pressed my tongue hard against the underside of him as I descended. I gave him a good suck and another dramatic lick. I took my time, teasing him—wanting him to want it so bad he ached. I’m pretty sure it didn’t take long for him to reach that state.

Josh made a hissing sound and put his hand on my hair, gently at first. Then he pushed, while at the same time forcing his hips up so his dick surged into my throat. I fought for air, found it

and pressed back against his hand. He released me, and I stood.

“Now, let me shape up the rest.”

I worked his hair into a neat but still fashionable length—all the while watching his cock standing at attention. His eyes bored into me in the mirror’s reflection.

“Touch yourself,” I said.

His hand wrapped around his hard-on, and he started to work it. Slowly.

I tried to look as cool as a cucumber, but my panties were thoroughly soaked. I put the finishing touches on his hair and made sure it was symmetrical. I touched up his neck with the clippers.

“You have a nice wave to your hair. Let’s let it air dry.”

I double-checked the door and peeled off my T-shirt and jeans.

He studied my sudden nakedness as he took off his smock. Then he stood and pushed down his jeans. Reaching out, he unhooked my bra and peeled it off, then he kissed my neck. He used his teeth on

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▷ KINKY COUGARS

me, nipping my neck gently, and I liked that—a lot. He pushed his hand into my panties and sighed when he discovered how wet I was.

Two fingers slipped inside me, and I tilted my hips to get them deeper. His mouth remained at my throat as his thumb found my clit. He worked me that way until I hovered on the edge of coming.

I turned and put my hands on the counter, pushing my naked ass back at him.

"Fuck me," I said. "Hurry."

My pussy felt swollen and sensitive; I was so hot I felt like I might burst into flames.

Josh grabbed my hips and slid into me with a low grunt. The pleasure was nearly unbearable.

"Oh, yeah. Do that again," I said.

He found a slow, easy rhythm, withdrawing just enough to make me clench in desperation, and then slamming back into me. I pushed back to take him, meeting each of his thrusts.

While he pounded me, I played my fingers over my clit. My ever-increasing wetness made my digits slick and

slippery. My cunt grew tight around him, and the friction and goodness of it all stole my breath.

"Faster," I commanded.

He dug his fingers into my hips and moved faster, stroking that beautiful cock in and out of my clutching cunt. I loved his power and his lack of inhibition. He was the perfect example of everything I found desirable about younger lovers.

"Yes, yes, yes." I was chanting the words quietly. I didn't want Abby to hear me.

I squeezed my pussy every time he drove in deep, desperate to climax.

I rubbed my clit harder and faster, unable and unwilling to hide my urgent need to come. Before long, I exploded with pleasure, my cunt flickering and spasming around him.

He groaned softly, then pulled free of me. He shocked me by spinning me around and dropping to his knees in front of me. He pushed three thick fingers into my cunt. I watched him do it and then watched as he pressed his mouth to my pussy. He looked up at me, keeping my gaze, fucking me with his fingers and lapping at me with his

tongue. What a sweet boy!

The sensation of being so full and his tongue—so wet and eager on my clit—was overwhelming. The visual didn't hurt either: that boy's handsome face looking up at me as he fucked me with his fingers and ate me with an animalistic glee.

"Oh," I uttered, shoving my hand in his damp hair. I bucked my hips, watching the muscles in his forearm flex as his tongue repeatedly played over my swollen clit. I came again, watching his glistening fingers gliding in and out of me.

He stood and positioned me to face my reflection in the mirror as he got behind me. My cheeks were flushed, my eyes glazed with lust. He slammed back into me, his balls banging my body. I pressed my hands down onto the counter and thrust my ass back, meeting him stroke for stroke.

"I'm going to come," he said—a little too loud.

I looked at him in the mirror and put my finger to my lips. "Shh!"

That seemed to trigger something in him. He slammed into me one last time, froze and held me tight. His face was a mask of effort as he struggled to stay quiet through his orgasm.

When he finally stepped back, I gathered my clothes. "Now let's give you a quick dry to see if everything's as neat as I hope."

He nodded.

I had a feeling I had a new regular.

—C.G., via email

❶ PERFECT PAIR

Running a high-end shoe boutique is somewhere between heaven and hell for me—a man with a foot fetish. I inherited the business when my parents passed away, and while I could have sold it, the prospect of being my own boss was incentive enough to





quit my job and take over the place.

During summers home from college, when my stepdad would make me close up the shop, sometimes I'd sneak in the back where I kept a pair of shiny black patent pumps hidden under packing supplies. I'd graze my erect cock with the tip of the pointy stiletto and then use the vamp to cup my balls. Then, I'd finally slide my dick inside the shoe, picturing a warm, soft foot going into the same spot. I'd make myself come all over the nice leather insole.

Now, you'd think because a lot of women love shoes that I would have no problem finding a horny chick that would let my foot fantasies be part of our normal playtime. Unfortunately, that wasn't the case. After I've confessed my innermost desires, most girls I've met just laugh or think I am joking—or worse, they are actually repulsed when I want to suck their toes or ask them to wrap their soles around my cock. I'll admit I long felt ashamed about my love of feet. I thought I could continue to get by with “regular” girlfriends and occasional secret shoe fun, but running the store was definitely throwing me for a loop; I needed and wanted more. I was ready to ditch my long-held feelings of shame and take the next step toward satisfaction.

The sight of beautiful feet trying on fancy shoes every day made it difficult to avoid getting an erection in front of customers. And I don't mean to come off like a creeper. I get it—women simply needed some shoes. Shopping for footwear wasn't sexual for them for the most part. I quickly got ahold of myself, though, for the sake of the business. But sometimes when I spied a particularly beautiful woman, with shapely calves and petite toes, my lust burned hot.

Luckily, a woman named Diane walked into my life about six months after I took over the shop. I suppose I should say she strutted because I clearly remember the sound of her shoes clacking against the marble floor tiles. There was purpose in

“I FELT THE WARMTH AND SOFT CURVES OF A WOMAN'S FEET WRAPPED AROUND MY SHAFT.”

her stride, which was broadcast loud and clear by her seductive footfalls.

At first glance, Diane looked to be in her late 30s, but I would find out later she was actually in her early 50s. The 20-year age difference was not an issue, though. I was weak in the knees from the moment I saw her.

When I am anywhere and I hear the sound of clicking heels on the floor, I immediately look up—and down—and then back up to catch the lovely form attached to the feet that have gotten my attention.

In the case of Diane, she had on a pair of pink patent leather stilettos. I detected the slightest sheen of nude nylon stockings or pantyhose on her endless legs. She had on a short floral skirt and a semi-sheer blouse. Her ice-blue eyes and short blonde hair made her look prim and proper. I'd have never guessed she was such a sexy freak!

When her eyes fixed on me, and those heels click-click-clicked their way over, I felt like I couldn't breathe. I barely choked out the words: “Hello, how may I help you.”

I remember she smiled at me for a

few seconds before answering, “Do you have any navy pumps or maybe gray? I'm looking for either an almond or a pointed toe. I haven't yet decided.”

“Right over here,” I motioned her over to a display of the season's latest styles. “Let me know if I can get you anything to try on.”

“Will do.”

It didn't take her long to make up her mind. She selected two expensive pairs—the navy leather round-toe pump and a gray suede pointed-toe pump.

“Could I try these both in a nine?”

“Right away.” I rushed to the back, feeling a flush of arousal as I grabbed the shoeboxes. I took a deep breath and stepped back out to the sales floor. Thankfully, Diane was the only customer present, so there was nothing to distract me from enjoying the sight of her stocking-clad feet dangling in mid-air as she stretched her toes.

“Wow, you have high arches.” I set the boxes down.

“Thank you. I was a dancer for a long time when I was younger.” She smiled at me again. So tempting, so seductive. “Which should I try first?”

“Allow me,” I said respectfully. I opened the box for the navy pumps. “These are beautiful. Italian leather, plush insoles and an exquisitely rich color.”

She extended one long, beautiful leg and wiggled her toes in my direction. My heart almost stopped. I fumbled with the packing materials, hurrying to remove the stuffing in the toe of each shoe. And then, as though I was handling a perfect china doll, I took her heel in my hand and slid her foot inside the pump.

She gasped. “Oh, that is gorgeous.”

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▷ KINKY COUGARS

And then, parting her legs slightly, she extended her other foot. "Please."

We looked at one another and smiled. That was the moment we clicked.

"As you wish." I put the other shoe on and then, for a moment, held both her beautiful feet in my hands. "These are incredible on you." I let go and motioned for her to walk around. "Try them."

She towered over me like a goddess, strutting around in front of the mirror. She already had a good five inches on me, even without the elegant high heels. With them, she was an Amazonian beauty.

"What's your name?" she asked, looking over her shoulder at me.

"Dave." I exhaled softly, fixated on her movements. "You?"

"Diane." She turned to face me. "So, Dave...are you in charge here?"

"Yes, I am."

"All by yourself?"

"Yes."

She sat back down. I immediately knelt before her to remove the shoes. And that's when she ran her nylon-clad foot up and down the center of my chest. "I hope you don't mind, if I'm a little more...high maintenance than most customers."

I looked down at her roaming foot and said, "I don't mind at all." Then I mustered the courage to add, "In fact... I'd be happy to give you a private fitting. After hours."

"That sounds like my kind of fun." Diane purred.

"Really?" I cupped her foot in my hands as it wiggled around the silken edges of my necktie.

"Maybe you could even accommodate me sooner?" Diane amended with a smile. She lifted the edge of her skirt, flashing me the tops of her thigh-high stockings.

**"I PULLED OUT OF
HER SPASMING
CUNT AND SHOT
MY LOAD ALL
OVER HER
GORGEOUS FEET."**

"I think...I can do that." My erection was already straining against my pants. "Just give me one second."

I scrambled to the front of the store, quickly locking up and drawing the blinds.

When I returned, Diane was reclining on the plush bench, posing in wait with those long legs stretched to infinity.

"All set?" she asked with a seductive lilt.

"Yes. Now, where were we?"

Diane smiled and ran her foot around my bulge, and I groaned. "I think I remember," she whispered.

"Am I dreaming?"

She laughed, and then lowered my zipper.

"I may be dreamy, but this is no dream."

I closed my eyes and seconds later felt Diane's mouth envelop the head of my cock.

She ran her tongue in slow circles—and then eagerly swallowed more of me until I was practically face-fucking her. I'd never dated a woman my own age with that kind of skill level, much less confidence. I reached down and brushed her hair away from her face, silently thanking my lucky stars for such an incredible moment.

With a loud slurp, she released me from her mouth and appeared to be quite pleased with herself.

At that point, I pulled her into my arms. We kissed and quickly undressed. She had full breasts—at least C-cups—and a naturally blonde triangle which was trimmed to perfection above her slick pink lips. She stopped me, though, when I tried to peel down her thigh-highs.

"Leave those on for now." She kissed me again and motioned to the bench. "Have a seat."

For her next trick, this wild woman gave me my first ever nylon foot job. Years of fantasies became a reality when I felt the real warmth and soft curves of a woman's feet wrapped around my shaft, coupled with the sleek caress of expensive stockings.

"Do you like it?"

"I like it so much I'm going to come if



you don't ease up," I confessed.

"Not yet, Dave," she cautioned as her toes wiggled across my scrotum. "I need you to fuck me."

"I think I need to do that, too."

I laid her down on the floor and wasted no time peeling her stockings off while I kissed and teased my way down her thighs and calves until finally I reached her feet. She had a French pedicure to match her fingernails—I loved it.

Diane reached down and stroked her pussy while I kissed and sucked every one of her toes. She said, "Dave, you're making my pussy so wet!"

I needed to feel that for myself, so I brought my cock to her slippery split. She couldn't wait a second longer, and neither could I. I thrust inside her and fucked at full throttle as she flailed against the carpet, begging me to nail her harder. Numerous reflections of Diane and I fucking surrounded us in the store's full-length mirrors. The visual images and the notion that we were fucking amid so many beautiful pairs of shoes combined to bring me to the brink. I'd like to lie and say I lasted for hours, but there was no way I could with so much stimulation. She came pretty quick, too. I pulled out of her spasming cunt and shot my load all over her gorgeous feet—which I then cleaned up and pampered with a little massage as we basked in the afterglow.

From then on, not only did I have a very satisfied customer, but you could say we are a perfect pair.

—D.S., via email

● STANDING "O"

As I turned away from the hotel's check-in desk, I saw the young man standing in the lobby, staring at me and gaping. Once upon a time I'd been halfway used to that, but now it only happened occasionally—typically

with middle-aged guys who remembered me from my acting career, which peaked more than 20 years ago with a handful of risqué movies.

There was no mistaking that familiar look of recognition, though. The guy was college age, strapping and seriously good-looking. And I could tell he'd seen me naked on-screen. Not just naked but simulating sex with several different people, which I did quite a bit of on-camera back in the day.

I allowed myself a smirk at the thought that as a woman of a certain age I was still identifiable with my younger sexy self. I didn't mind being recognized, as long as people were respectful. I had a feeling that would be the case with this young man. He seemed somewhat awed by my very presence.

He walked toward me, still with that

gob-smacked expression glued to his handsome face. There was something endearing about it.

"Excuse me, uh..." he stammered, eventually calling me by my name.

Up close the young man radiated an enticing energy, with just a dash of adorable insecurity. I gave him a smile.

"I am. And you are?"

"My name's Billy. It's incredible to meet you!" His eyes were bright, and his hard chest swelled against his snug shirt with his quickened breathing.

"Well, Billy, I've just checked in. I'm in town for a conference. But I'll be in the lobby bar around eight tonight, if you'd like to join me. That is, if you're old enough to drink."

"Yes! Turned 21 last May. I'll be there!" Grinning ear to ear, he sped off.

Twenty-one? Going up in the elevator,



LETTERS

▷ KINKY COUGARS

I wondered what the hell I thought I was doing flirting with a kid who was young enough to be my son. I had stayed in good physical shape, but I was twice Billy's age! Still, the lustful gleam in his eyes had been very flattering, and I wanted to experience the charge of being wanted by someone so handsome and virile.

In my room, I made a few calls relating to the following day's conference, then dressed for the evening. I stripped in front of the full-length mirror, assessing my naked body. It was still firm and pleasing, but somebody who'd first seen me as a nimble 20-something might be disappointed.

I laughed at myself as I took the elevator down. Billy might not even be there. And maybe he was just starstruck and not actually interested in spending time with me.

But there he was waiting, still brimming with nervous energy. He insisted on buying my drink, then started tentatively asking about my former life. They were familiar questions, and I responded amiably. All the while, though, I was imagining what he would look like out of his clothes.

Some hard young cock might be fun tonight, I thought.

After about a dozen breathless questions, he paused. "Is this weird for you? I mean, you were one of my first crushes. From the first time I saw you on-screen I thought you were the ideal woman." His face was full of innocent wonder. "You still are..."

He obviously hadn't meant that last bit to slip out. He suddenly blushed. But it brought my low-simmering state of arousal up to a steady boil, and I felt a surge of confidence.

I leaned toward him, smiling as I placed a hand on his arm.

"Would you like to come up to my room, Billy?"

He went completely still. For an awful second I thought maybe I'd somehow



**"WITH EVERY
PLUNGE, I DEEP-
THROATED HIM,
KEEPING MY
LIPS SEALED
AROUND HIM."**

misread him, but then he rushed us out of the bar.

In the elevator, I pulled him to me and put my lips against his. I felt the wicked bulge in his pants, and my pussy flowed in anticipation. So many people had taken pleasure in my movies. It was nice to have it pay off for me, too, on occasion.

Once we were in my room, I told him to strip. Nervously, he peeled off his clothes. I walked around him, ogling his young gorgeous body and ramrod-stiff cock. His ass was firm and smooth. I remained dressed, even though my body tingled with excitement.

When I knelt before him, he gasped. I cupped his balls and breathed warm air

against his swollen cockhead. A pearl of pre-come oozed out, and I licked it up, liking the salty tang of it. I put my lips around his dick and slowly swallowed my way down. His flavor made my mouth tingle as my tongue explored his substantial shaft.

I took him into my throat, savoring the sensation of his hardness nearly gagging me. His legs were quivering, and he moaned softly. Still holding his nutsac, I began to blow him in earnest. He had seen me simulating that act on film. Now he was experiencing it live. I wondered which version he liked better.

Still sucking him, I looked up. He was gazing down at me with hazy, half-lidded eyes colored by lust. His lips were parted, and his tongue was actually hanging out. He was lost in the moment and that thrilled me.

Beyond pleased, I sucked him harder, picking up the tempo. With every plunge, I deep-throated him, keeping my lips sealed around him and tightening my cheeks around his staff. My tongue worked fast, slathering him up and down mercilessly.

His moans came faster as his hips started to jerk helplessly. He was going to climax, even though he was fighting it desperately. He wanted the

overwhelming bliss he was feeling to last as long as possible. But all good things come to an end—to make way for more. He tried to pull away at the last second, but I was having none of that. I wanted to drink his come.

With a sharp cry, he was suddenly jetting into my mouth. His hot, gooey cream coated my tongue. I swallowed every spurt, relishing the taste until his last spout of jizz erupted.

I rose, while he stood there dazed. Finally, I stripped. I let him see all of me, in the full preserved reality of my 40-something years. If he was going to bolt, at least I'd enjoyed sucking him off.

His eyes sparkled with reawakened desire. Incredibly, his just-spent cock twitched. I sat on the foot of the bed and spread my legs. My pussy ached, and my whole body crackled with desire for him.

Billy knelt before me, staring at my pussy reverently, then he lowered his head. His breath tickled my damp folds. When his tongue touched my slit, pleasure electrified my body, igniting every part of me. My muscles tightened, then loosened. My heart beat a rapid tattoo against my rib cage.

Billy had a lively tongue. He pressed his mouth against me, spreading my lips with his own. When he moaned this time, I joined him. His tongue drilled me deep. Unerringly, he found my pulsing clit, stiffening his tongue tip to play gently but insistently with it.

I watched his whole young body flex. His head rocked and his muscles bunched along his strong back. I looked down at his busy mouth, seeing his cheeks smeared with my overflowing wetness.

My ass quivered under me, and my hips rocked. I took a fistful of his full hair and began to hump against his mouth. He tongue-fucked me more intensely. Ecstasy gathered and exploded within me. I let out an unrestrained cry as pleasure raced through me. I came hard, grinding my

sopping cunt against his face.

When he sat back, I eyed his fully revived erection. Smiling dreamily, I stood and walked to the doors that led outside to the balcony.

Naked, I stepped outdoors. The balcony was enclosed, so guests in neighboring rooms wouldn't see. I liked having that type of freedom. I moved to the railing, feeling Billy's eyes on me. The night air was cool and stimulating. My nipples were stiff, and my well-licked pussy buzzed—yet it craved more.

Seconds later, I heard Billy's feet padding up behind me. I pushed out my ass, and he moved in behind me. His warm hands rested on my butt, gently drawing my cheeks apart. He positioned his cock along my valley, and I felt the pulse of him. A breeze blew through my hair. The nighttime view was spread before us, the darkness of the sky occasionally punctuated by flashes of lightning in the distance.

Billy shifted and set his cockhead against my cunt. As he eased forward, I pressed back against him, taking him

inside me. His shaft slipped inside me slowly, stretching and filling me with its exquisite girth.

With slow strokes, he started to fuck me. I bucked back harder against him, and he picked up his speed. He plowed me deep, burying his cock in me with each powerful stroke.

He grunted with increasing sexual fury. My hands gripped the balcony railing more tightly. I bit down a cry, then everything was erupting. His come spewed into me as a great orgasmic force wracked my body.

The moment was everything I wanted and needed. I felt like a star again.

—Name and address withheld

A proud mature lady who still has a healthy sexual appetite—that's a cougar! If you are one or know one and have a story to tell, Penthouse wants to hear it. Mail your tale to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department KC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





SCORCHER

MOLLY IS THIRSTY FOR ADVENTURE AND
KNOWS HOW TO QUENCH HER LUST.





“COME ON IN, BABY. I’M WET AND READY.”

—MOLLY









#GetTheGirl



PENTHOUSE.com



① HANDS ON

The instructor for my CPR/emergency care class was a good teacher. He was also a massive distraction to me. I kept getting lost in his dreamy eyes and his handsome face. I fantasized about his muscular body, to the point where my pussy was slick by the end of the day's lesson. His name was Garrett.

I was taking the class because I worked at a big hotel, with many people coming and going. Months ago someone had a cardiac episode in our lobby, and I felt helpless after we'd called the paramedics. I wanted to be able to do something if I witnessed a crisis like that again.

At the start of the class, Garrett had asked each of us to introduce ourselves. He smiled at me when I explained I was there on my own, while the others were getting certified because someone else was making them do it. That may have been what started me off on this schoolgirlish crush of mine. I knew I was hot and could get just about any guy I wanted, but it was almost fun

to pine away for Garrett. I felt like a college freshman who wanted only to get her hands and mouth on her sexy professor's hard cock.

The class had a practice dummy, of course. We took turns trying to properly "resuscitate" the inanimate patient. My classmates all seemed to be getting it. Garrett really was good at teaching. But I was having difficulties.

I pressed down on the dummy's chest, trying to follow the prescribed rhythm. But Garrett was standing behind me, watching over my shoulder. I could hear him breathing and smell his cologne. I was almost sure I felt his body heat, a crackling warmth that got under my clothes and made my flesh tingle.

I suddenly became lost in a delicious fantasy.

I imagined him moving in closer behind me, his hands resting on my waist. His mouth brushed the nape of my neck, and pleasure whirled within me. He pressed his crotch against my backside, and I felt the unmistakable ridge of his stiff cock.

In my mind, his hands came around and slid up under my shirt. I jammed my ass back against him as he reached

up to cup my tits. His strong fingers plucked my hardened nipples, exciting me. His tongue slathered my earlobe. The others in the class watched, astonished, as he drew my shirt off, then undid my jeans. As my pants fell down my legs, I heard the sharp rasp of his zipper. I tensed in anticipation, thrusting out my ass, eager for the penetration of his cock, ready for—

"Ms. S?"

Garrett's voice snapped me back to the present. The rest of the class was indeed staring, and a blush heated my face, as if they knew what I'd just been imagining.

I made a halfhearted attempt at the resuscitation technique, then sat down. At the end of the lesson, Garrett came to me and said quietly, "Would you like to stay a bit? I could instruct you... personally."

My pussy lit up at that, though the rational part of me was sure I was reading more into the offer than what was there. Even so, I really did want to get certified.

I was still a little flushed from my earlier runaway fantasy. But when the classroom had emptied, Garrett brought me up to the table at the front and showed me, step by step, how to work the dummy. He wasn't impatient and made sure I'd absorbed every small stage of the process.

He smiled, which made his handsome face positively radiant. "That's much better, Ms. S."

"Nola. Call me Nola." I was proud, but my voice shook a bit. I was keenly aware that we were alone together.

"Okay. Nola." He smiled again, then gestured at the practice dummy. I was to run through the whole operation on my own.

I started in. This time my hands moved confidently. I grasped the technique and proceeded through the steps. Garrett was standing behind me, and one part of me felt his eyes on





my body, felt his hands rising, reaching for me. Surely, it was just my fantasy coming back for another go.

I finished the procedure, grinning because I'd done it textbook perfect.

Then I felt Garrett's breath tickle the back of my neck. Gooseflesh rose on my body as I froze. *Could this really be happening?* I wondered. It was. His fingers lightly touched my hips. He was standing directly behind me, his crotch hovering just over my butt.

Without turning, I eased back against him. The groove of my ass fit perfectly with the firm bulge hiding in his pants. He moaned softly, tickling the back of my neck. His hands tightened around my waist as arousal boiled up through me. Dampness flowed in my pussy, and my nipples stood out stiffly under my shirt.

I groped away behind me and caught a handful of Garrett's ass. I drew him tighter against me. The bulge of his cock pressed deeper into the valley of my ass. I rocked my hips, rubbing him deliberately up and down. He kissed my neck, and warmth bloomed inside me. During all those classes I'd never been sure if he was attracted to me. Finally, I could let myself believe he'd been indulging in fantasies as salacious as my own.

“I FELT HIS EXPOSED COCK AS HE LAID IT INTO THE GULLY FORMED BY MY CHEEKS.”

His tongue traced my earlobe, just like I'd imagined a short while ago. I groaned with mounting pleasure. Not waiting for him to feel me up underneath my shirt, I peeled it off and flung it aside. There wasn't another class due for a long while, so we would have the room to ourselves.

Garrett eagerly reached up to maul my tits. I liked the strength of his hands as he kneaded my mounds. He caught my erect nipples between his knuckles and squeezed them, making me moan.

I still hadn't turned, relishing the feel of his muscled body pressed against me from behind. Again not waiting for him

to act, I unhooked my jeans and swept them down my legs, stepping out of them to stand naked in his arms.

He was still dressed. He paused to remedy that, tearing out of his clothing in a flash, then he moved in once more against my backside. I felt his exposed cock as he laid it into the welcoming gully formed by my ass cheeks. His meat throbbed against my soft flesh.

I shoved the practice dummy away and bent over at the waist, laying my upper body across the table. Turning my head, I saw Garrett over my shoulder. His naked body was gorgeous, as masculine and enticing as I'd imagined it would be. His cock stood up straight and magnificent.

“Fuck me,” I growled at him, as if I needed to give the instruction.

I was on my toes with my legs spread. Garrett put his hands on my ass and spread my cheeks. He slipped his cockhead along my groove, heading for my dripping pussy. On the way, he brushed the sensitive ring of my asshole, and I wriggled with delight. Filing the sensation away for the time being, I waited to take his cock inside me.

He pushed against my pussy entrance, and my slickened lips drew

LETTERS

↘ BOOTY TIME



him inside. His shaft pressed deeper as my inner walls gripped his girth. Pleasure increased in me, like steam gathering inside a pipe. I took him deep, all the way. His weight flattened me against the table. I hissed through my teeth, leaving spit on the wooden surface.

Garrett's tempo picked up. I felt the full length of him pumping in and out of me. The tabletop was at the ideal height for him to be fucking my pussy from behind. He slammed me to my core with each inward plunge. I heard his muffled moans as his own pleasure skyrocketed.

But I was ahead of him. My heart was beating faster and faster as my ecstasy soared. My forehead rocked back and forth across the table. Suddenly, as he pounded me, a great heaving climax tore through my body. My pussy streamed as I thrashed about, violently enough that Garrett actually came uncoupled from me.

Panting from my orgasm, I still had enough of a sense of decorum to feel bad about bucking him off. I lifted my head and looked at him again over my shoulder. His face was glowing with desire, and his twitching cock gleamed with my juices.

"Fuck my ass!" I demanded.

Obviously, he liked the idea. He drew me up off the table, still holding me from behind with an arm wrapped around my

"HE BRUSHED THE SENSITIVE RING OF MY ASSHOLE, AND I WRIGGLED WITH DELIGHT."

middle. He slipped his slick cockhead against my asshole and started gently pushing himself inside my rear entrance.

Garrett made every nerve in my body jump to sudden, urgent life. Each part of me wanted in on the unexpected fun, it seemed. Garrett's cock eased slowly up my back passage, awakening rare secret pleasures.

He knew what he was doing, operating with the same care and patience he'd shown all along as an instructor. The vulnerability I experienced at this anal incursion only added to the pleasure welling within me. I stood, wrapped in his arms, savoring the sensation of his cock sliding all the way home into my ass.

When he'd buried himself fully in my

behind, he held me there a moment to let me adjust completely. I murmured for him to fuck me, and he began to pump his cock slowly in and out of my trembling hole. I felt safe in his embrace.

Earlier, I'd felt he was penetrating me to my deepest places. But now, I had the sense he was plunging himself into my very soul.

That new pleasure felt even more profound. Every one of those aroused nerves in me contributed to my oncoming climax. I squirmed in his arms as his cock rammed into me. His solidly planted feet kept balance for both of us.

When he began to fuck me harder and faster, it was perfect. He let out a raw groan, just as my orgasm swept me away. I felt him spasm as his spunky jets warmed me, each burst accompanied by a ragged thrust, until we dropped limply onto the table in the empty classroom.

—N.S., via email

🕯 FLOORED

Sarah was washing the floor on her hands and knees. She has a thing about the white tile in the kitchen. If it shows even a hint of grunge she won't use the steam mop I bought. Nope. She has to get down on the floor with cleaning wipes and scrub.

I guess there are worse hang-ups than that.

I wasn't thinking about her crawling around with her magic wipes so much as I was fixated on watching her heart-shaped ass in her yellow shorts.

"Hey, there, dirty floor brigade," I said, bending to give her a good swat on the ass as I went past her on my way to the fridge.

She hissed from the sudden stinging contact, and my dick twitched.

She had said "ouch," but she was also laughing. She even wiggled her

ass a little, which shut down the logical part of my brain.

I cracked a soda and watched her work. By the time she'd crawled her way to the stove, my cock was fully hard and aching to plunge into one of her willing holes.

She stood and threw away her wad of wipes and went to wash her hands at the sink. Her shorts ended just below the swell of her ass cheeks, and seeing so much of her long, tan legs was making me ridiculously horny. I wanted to bite her right there, where that swell of butt cheek began.

I pressed myself against her back, feeling that ripe ass cradle my hard-on. I moved her hair and kissed the back of her neck.

"What are you doing?" she asked, but I could tell she was smiling.

"Feeling up a sexy young thing in my kitchen," I said.

She turned off the faucet, and I wrapped my arms around her and cupped her tits in my hands. I squeezed, and I felt her press back against me, ever so slightly.

This time, I didn't kiss the back of her slender neck, I raked my teeth down it. Sarah shivered, so I kissed across the strap of her tank top, and when I hit her bare shoulder I used my teeth again.

Her nipples grew rock-hard against my palms. I wished her shirt wasn't in the way, so I took care of that by swiping it over her head. Her long blonde hair flew out and then settled back over her shoulders. She was braless, and I was thankful. I squeezed her breasts again, working the nipples with my fingers.

By then she was grinding back against me shamelessly, making those soft noises she makes when she's turned on. The ones that drive me crazy.

I slid my hand down the front of her shorts, slipped it beneath her panties and found her neatly trimmed mound. I pushed deeper, finding her already rigid clit with my fingertips. She pushed her hips forward, grinding her clit against me.

"Want me to double click your mouse?" I whispered in her ear.

She laughed but nodded. "It turns you on, doesn't it?" she murmured. She was clutching the rim of the sink to steady herself as I started to work her clit good.

"It does. I like that I can get you off like that," I told her.

"Only you," she sighed as I stroked her. "You're the only person who's ever managed to get me off that way."

"That turns me on even more." I ground my erection against her plump ass and slid my fingers inside her pussy. I used her own moisture to coat her clit as I went back to short, fast revolutions over her swollen button.

I felt her edge closer to climaxing, so I slid my fingers back into her cunt.

"Want me to fuck your pussy?" I asked.

She nodded. I curled my fingers inside her, and she sighed. I went back to stroking her clit. She was so close I could feel the vibration of her arousal humming through her body. She wanted to come so badly.

"Then, after you come, I'm going to fuck your ass," I said in her ear. It wasn't a question.

She climaxed, clutching my forearm

with her hand. I kept stroking her until the last spasm passed.

"Take off those shorts," I said.

Sarah obeyed.

She stood in the sunny kitchen in nothing but a smile. I positioned her back at the sink. I liked the way she looked posed there in the most domestic of spaces in our home, stark naked.

I knocked her legs apart and pushed my fingers back into her pussy. I fucked her from behind as her juices dripped down my digits.

She stayed there, gripping the edge and not saying a word.

I took off my clothes and dropped them on her spotless floor. I scraped my teeth along the back of her neck once more and then teased her opening with the tip of my cock. When she moved back against me, I slid into her cunt on one smooth, hard thrust.

She grunted as she pushed back to take me.

I held her hips and moved in and out of her nice and quick. The faster I fucked her, the wetter she got—her body giving up juices to coat the tops of her thighs and mine. In no time, she came, her fingers curling against the lip of the



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▷ BOOTY TIME

stainless-steel sink. A bright shaft of sunlight burst through the window to paint her body yellow.

I put my hand on the back of her neck and pushed her forward just a bit more. She stepped back slightly and pushed her ass out. Her breath ragged, her muscles straining. She was ready; she wanted this.

That knowledge alone put me on the verge of orgasm.

I backed away from her and then slipped my fingers into her pussy to gather her wetness. I forced my glossy fingers into her asshole. Just one at first, and after I felt her loosen, a second. She drove her tight little body back to take me, jamming my fingers deeper into her rear hole. Her insides were slick and welcoming.

I pulled out and replaced my fingers with my dick, plunging inside her. My balls banged against her thighs, and I felt a shudder work through me. I fought mightily to keep from losing my control. Sliding into her ass is always an amazing sensation.

Those tightened muscles squeezed me, working my cock as I carefully withdrew and plunged deep again.

I let my fingers spread wide over the small of her back. She trembled beneath them and met every stroke of mine with her body, taking me as deep as she could.

"You like that?"

She nodded.

I grabbed her long hair and twined it around my fist. I gave her a gentle tug so she was forced to tilt her head back. "Tell me. Say it."

"I like it. I like when you fuck my ass."

I growled, her words nearly doing me in.

"Play with your pussy," I demanded.

She took a shuddering breath and slipped her hand between her thighs, bracing herself on the lip of the counter with a single arm. Her shoulder flexed as she worked her clit, her breathing getting ragged all over again.

Her asshole gripped me tightly, working my cock from the inside. I felt her strain as I fucked her harder. She shook beneath me, so close to coming, I could tell.

I pulled free of her and kissed the back of her neck before giving her a good love bite. She moaned.

"Get on your hands and knees," I said

reaching around and cupping her tits with my hands. I pinched her nipples hard enough to make her hiss. "Like you're washing that precious floor of yours."

She got back on the floor, just as I'd found her, on her lovely hands and knees. I got down behind her, lining my cockhead up with her open asshole. I pushed back into her slowly, watching my progress this time.

It never failed to turn me on, watching my cock pierce her back entrance.

I held her hips and increased my speed. Her body took me easily.

"Play with your pussy again," I said.

"But this time, put your fingers in there. I want to feel your fingers inside you while I'm in your ass."

Another moan, and she obeyed. I felt her push her fingers inside her wet pussy, and the sensation made me reel. I held her hips tightly, watching the skin blanch beneath my grip.

"Come for me. I won't come until you do. I'll just keep fucking this ass until you lose it for me."

She shivered, and I knew the dirty talk was working its magic. She loved when I said filthy things to her, especially while *doing* filthy things to her.

I shut my eyes and focused on what I was feeling: her slippery wetness, her finger rubbing my shaft from the inside, the rocking of her hips.

I found her hair again with my hand and tugged. Her asshole flickered hot and tight around me. I tugged again and felt the same.

"You like that, don't you? When I pull your hair. Your pretty, pretty hair." I tugged once, twice, three times, and she lost it.

The spasms of her orgasm rolled through her body, and I found myself losing it. I ground my teeth together and held her tightly. I wanted to milk every moment of pleasure out of the experience.

She pushed back roughly to take me, the spasms in her pussy being mimicked by her asshole. I could feel





every single quiver of her pleasure.

"Take my cock," I said, practically panting.

"Yes, oh, yes."

Dirty talk gets Sarah off. Anal sex gets Sarah off. Double bonus for her!

"Does that feel good?"

She nodded, muttering, "Yes."

"I'm going to come in you," I said. I held her hips so tight I feared I'd hurt her but kept pounding into her ass. She took me so easily my head swam. I wanted to get deeper, but that was utterly impossible. She eagerly moved back to take every rough thrust.

But then she shook her head, catching me off guard.

"No," Sarah said. "Not in. Don't come in me."

"Not in?"

"No," she moaned. She was playing with her pussy again.

"Then what?" I was just about losing my last shred of control. I had mere seconds before I came. Maybe less.

"On me," she sighed. "Come on me. Come all over me."

I moaned. That's another thing that gets her off.

I pulled free of her as I felt myself tip over the edge. "Like this?" I watched my load jettison all over her tanned skin. Her ass a perfect willing heart that I'd fucked.

She laughed softly, with her head down, as the last of my cream splashed her skin.

"Yes. Like that," she sighed.

My wife is utter perfection.

—Name and address withheld

"I GOT DOWN BEHIND HER, LINING MY COCKHEAD UP WITH HER OPEN ASSHOLE."

❶ ASSMAN

My husband is an assman, and you better believe I knew that going into our marriage. In fact, I would say that if you are dating an assman now and aren't prepared to explore back there, think long and hard before continuing the relationship. "Butt," if you can keep an open mind, let me tell you: Some things in life are definitely worth lubing up for. True love is one of them, for sure, but also the orgasms—or in my case, multiple orgasms!

Ron and I had only been seeing each other for a little over a month when he decided to make his passion for all things related to my posterior overwhelmingly clear. We were having dinner at our favorite corner bistro when he leaned in and put his hand on top of mine.

"Do you remember that picture you sent me? You were wearing the little red slip teasing me with a view of your panties?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I still have it on my phone. And

on nights when we don't see each other, I look at it and fantasize about pulling your panties down and sliding my tongue right between your cheeks."

I started laughing.

"No, seriously." Ron leaned in close and whispered, "Stephanie, I just want to lick your ass."

I must've looked at him incredulously because there was a pause followed by: "Would you be okay with that? Has anyone ever done that to you?"

I shook my head. "My ex wouldn't even eat my pussy."

"What a dick!"

"Right? But, uh... to answer your question..." I finished off my wine. "No one else has ever... gone back there." I laughed again. "But... I don't have a problem with you putting your tongue there, or anywhere." I shrugged, "I mean, if it makes me come, go for it, babe."

Ron beamed, "Good! I will then."

He leaned in and kissed me, twirling a piece of my curly hair around his finger. Then we got the check and started walking to my place.

While Ron went on for a minute about a movie he wanted us to see, I was quiet, contemplating what it would feel like to have someone scrutinizing—and savoring—that absolutely taboo part of me. Then the practical side of my brain kicked in.

"Ron, I have a serious question."

"Yeah?"

"Should I wear more thongs for you?"

Ron shook his head. "You look hot in them, but personally I hate the way a thong covers up the crack." He grinned. "I like it when I can get a peek, you know?"

I nodded, "I'm glad we can be this upfront with each other. Even if you're all about the back." We both started laughing—to this day, we laugh about our sex life.

That night, while eating me out in the midst of a delicious fuckfest, Ron slowly acquainted me to all the sensitive nerve endings around my ass. After taking me to the brink with his tongue on my clit, his

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↘ BOOTY TIME



tongue crept lower and lower.

I was holding my breath when I felt his hot, wet tongue start circling my asshole. And in that moment, there was what I can only describe as an electric jolt when his tongue slipped past my tight anal ring. He invaded me by only a few millimeters or so, but to uninitiated me, it was a groundbreaking sensation. And to top it all off, Ron kept a finger on my clit the whole time, so he could stroke me and probe my ass at the same time.

Perhaps my loud moans were not enough confirmation because Ron paused to ask, "Do you like it?"

I nodded and caught my breath.

"Wanna try more?"

"Uh, yeah!" I told him.

He switched it up so I had two of his fingers in my pussy and one in my ass.

I trembled, feeling the tightest part of me seal up all around his invading digit.

It wasn't long before I had one of my loudest, wettest orgasms ever.

Afterward, Ron grilled me. "So you liked it?"

"You could say that."

"So, do you want to go further?"

"Yes." I caressed his facial scruff. "It's just that I'm so tight back there."

"Don't worry, we can work up to it."

"What do you mean?"

Ron kissed me, "I'll get you a little surprise next time."

I had no idea what kind of surprise he could be getting at. Maybe an anal

"HE FUCKED ME DOGGY-STYLE ON THE BED, PLAYING WITH THE PLUG THE ENTIRE TIME."

vibrator? The suspense was definitely foremost on my mind ahead of our next encounter.

However, to that end, I figured I would surprise Ron, too. I managed to find this incredibly sexy pair of backless panties online. They had innocent-looking mesh in the front and cutout lace to frame the bare cheeks in the back. I put on a tight skirt over them and also wore a sheer blouse. Anything to tease him as badly as he would be teasing me. Sure enough, Ron wasted no time coming in the door, cupping my ass and complimenting my outfit as he kissed me hello.

We had planned on a quiet evening in with a home-cooked meal. He handed me the grocery bag containing fresh pasta and meat. But there was also a small black velvet sack in the mix, too.

"Honey, what is this?" I asked curiously.

"Open it," Ron said with a grin.

I undid the drawstring, and a big sparkly thing immediately caught the light.

"What the—oh...wow!"

Inside was a small stainless steel butt plug, adorned with a gorgeous glass-cut jewel.

"It's kinda pretty. I thought you might like it."

I grinned. "Oh, I do. And I'm guessing I know where it's going later tonight."

"A man can only hope." He kissed me on the cheek and then began helping me deal with the groceries.

"I have a surprise for you, too," I revealed.

"Oh?"

"Well, I got us some of that lube you talked about, and also..." I turned around and slowly lifted my skirt to show him my naughty panties.

Ron almost dropped the canned tomatoes. "Wow!"

"You like them?"

"My dick is already hard. Does that answer your question?"

"Then, why don't I try out my gift? Let's go to the bedroom. That's where the lube is."

Ron could have qualified for Olympic sprinting at the rate he zoomed off. I followed, and once I was in the bedroom, I removed my skirt so he could behold my derriere and legs.

Ron got on his knees and began literally kissing my ass, squeezing and worshiping my cheeks. Then, after another naughty rimjob, he applied some lube and introduced the smooth metal plug, nestling it against my rear hole.

"Ready?"

I nodded. The cold, lubed metal touching my warm ass was already a rush, but then the tightness of entry gave way to a pleasurable sensation of fullness.

"Feel okay?"

I grinned and nodded. "I want to see what the jewel looks like in my ass."

"Well, right this way then, ma'am." Ron walked me over to my full-length



mirror, where I beheld the reflection of my bedazzled booty.

And then, he fucked me doggy-style on the bed, playing with the plug the entire time. The plug in my ass combined with Ron's cock definitely did something for me because I actually squirted when I came!

We never did get around to cooking that night, but it worked out. The next morning, still turned on from the toy episode and hungry for more pleasure, I woke Ron from a dead sleep with a blowjob.

He groaned in delight. "The sun's not even up, and you're making me hard already."

"Because I want your gorgeous cock in my ass."

Though he looked eager to jump on my offer, Ron also wanted to make sure I was really ready to give up my backdoor virginity.

"I want you to like this, so just tell me if you need any—"

"I will. Now, start kissing my ass again."

"Then sit on my face, babe," he countered.

We 69-ed for a bit, until Ron's oral expertise completely derailed my blowjob efforts. In my defense, he could make a

marble statue come with that tongue.

I was already wet to begin with, but feeling his tongue in every crease and fold, and then feeling his fingers tease and probe my asshole almost made me come from sheer anticipation of what his cock would feel like.

Finally, I moved over to help him put on a condom and lube up. He had me lay down beside him, spooning, so we were close enough for him to play with my pussy and tits.

Ron nuzzled my neck and pressed the head of his cock against my ass. "Stay relaxed."

I gasped as I felt the sudden stretch caused by his dickhead piercing me.

Obviously, I already knew Ron was nicely endowed, and while the plug and finger-play had somewhat prepared me, it was a whole other ball game to feel something so big entering my ass.

But don't think for a minute it wasn't amazing. Once I relaxed and got used to it, butt-fucking was like another dimension of pleasure opening up.

After easing himself completely inside me, Ron instructed me to stroke my clit. And as I did so, he began to make these shallow, gentle thrusts. Once we got into

a rhythm, I was singing high notes.

Still, Ron really wanted to take me over the edge. We changed positions so I could straddle him while facing his feet. This way, he had a great view of his cock penetrating my ass, and I had more control over his depth and our speed.

And if that wasn't enough, while his cock was as deep in my ass as could be, Ron handed me my vibrator, so I could make myself come even harder. Suffice it to say, I had three orgasms while losing my anal virginity that morning.

And later that night? The plug found its way into my ass again when we went to the movies. Funny how I ended up with a jewel for my ass before he gave me one for my finger! But, boy, did it keep me revved up, and I'm still hot for him until this day.

—S.F., Bowling Green, Kentucky

If "getting there" is half the fun, isn't it twice as much fun when you enter the backdoor? If you have an anal adventure to share, write to us! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department BT, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



FULL THROTTLE

HOTTIE HEATHER IS READY TO RIDE AND
HAS A NEED FOR SPEED.





“I WANT A GUY WHO CAN REALLY
REV MY ENGINE!”

—HEATHER



















TOP 10

WHITNEY WESTGATE



TOP 10 REASONS YOU SHOULD HAVE AN AFFAIR

10. A happier you is a healthier you.
9. Affairs are a reminder that change can be good.
8. New lovers offer hope for the future.
7. Being selfish isn't always a bad thing.
6. You'll feel more confident and alive.
5. You may discover what's been missing from your life.
4. It can make you more emotionally honest.
3. You'll supercharge your libido.
2. You may gain the courage to leave a dead relationship.
1. You'll discover what you truly want out of life.



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EDITOR'S NOTE

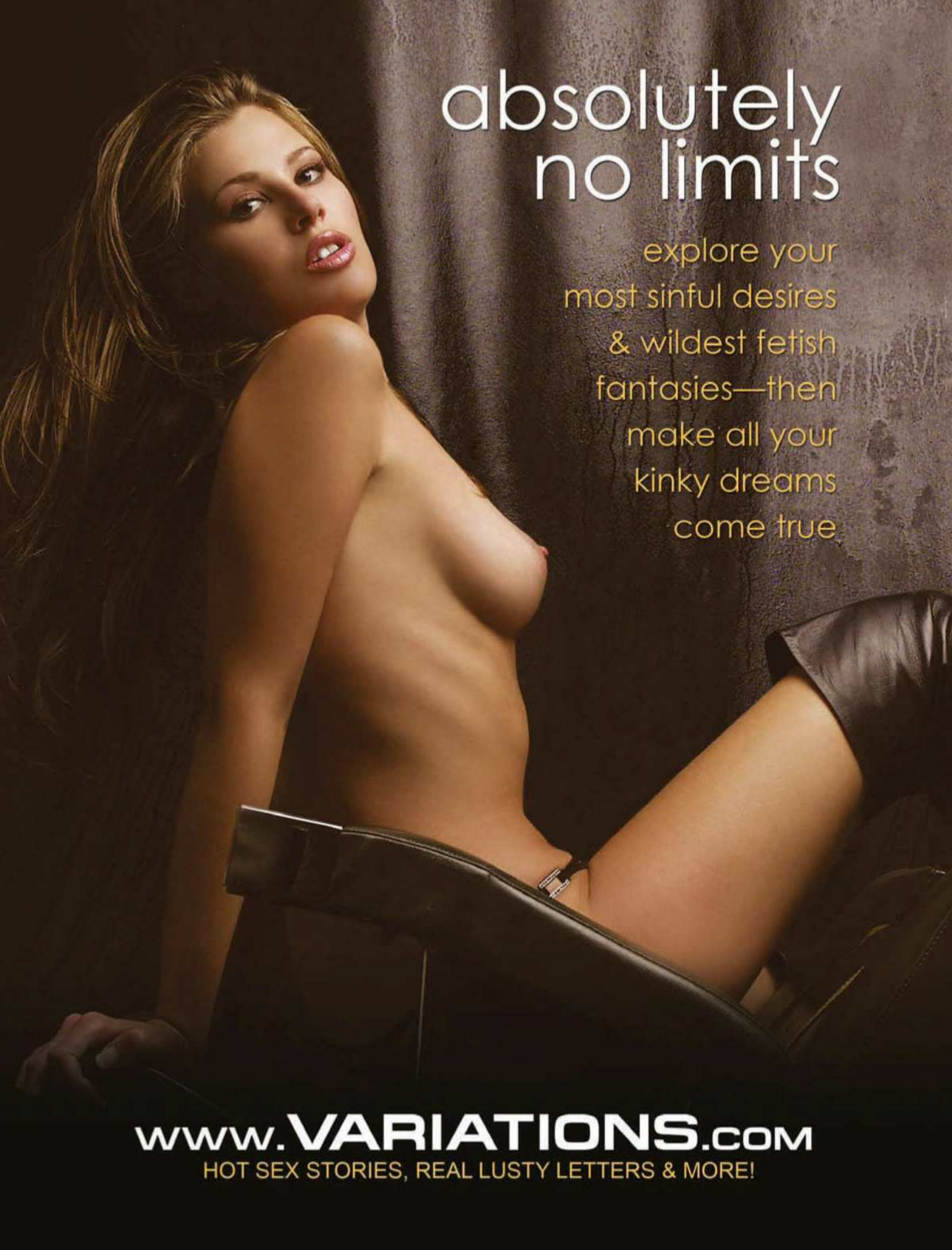
FANTASIES become reality in this edition of *Penthouse Variations*—with a little work and a whole lot of luck!

In this issue's S&M Letters, we have the stories of two couples who are perfectly matched when it comes to kink, as told by a woman who loves being tied down and teased, and a man who craves the humiliation of watching his domme wife take a lover.

Alexa Hicks finds herself longing for a threesome off the beaten path, and her new boyfriend knows just the guy to help them fulfill their dirty dreams in "Three-Way Thrills." Walter Yardley puts his post-graduate studies to good use and crafts a surprise for his loving mistress—getting them both off in the end—in "Raising Cane." And Wide World contains a trio of torrid tales, featuring fetishism, spanking and a playful date night so good it had to be shared!

Have you had a spring fling that's turned into a summer scorcher? Send your story to: letters@penthouse.com.



A woman with long, wavy brown hair is posing in a black leather outfit, including a corset and high boots. She is looking over her shoulder at the camera. The background is dark and textured.

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❶ IN A PINCH

Jared tied my ankle to the bedposts as I watched him. His face was set, his demeanor serious, his movements economical. His cock was hard in his black jeans, but that was just a physical reaction to him exerting his power over me.

"What did you forget to do today?" he asked.

My body quivered, and my pussy clenched. The anticipation of punishment, the excitement of submitting, a flicker of worry and a whole lot of uncontrollable arousal overwhelmed me.

He quickly tied down my other leg. I was spread-eagle, and he was staring at me.

"To reschedule your dentist appointment," I answered meekly.

I blinked. My heart was trip-hammering. Minor moments of forgetfulness were often twisted to address our mutual need for my submission—and I wouldn't have it any other way.

"And it was a favor. You're not my secretary, or my maid, or my handler. But I expect you to keep your word."

Jared let his fingers drift across my belly as he moved to the head of the bed. He lifted my hands and then tied them to the top posts. I had more slack there than I did down below.

"I was in meetings all day, and then there she is, the dentist's receptionist, calling to see where I was."

"I forgot. I'm sorry," I swallowed hard. I had forgotten. Utterly. And I'd felt awful about it when he'd reminded me.

Then there was that rush of excitement when he'd pointed to the bedroom and said, "Go. We'll deal with you in there."

"I was working. And I forgot. I got lost in what I was doing. It's not an acceptable excuse, I know."

He looked down at me. "True. It's not. Though I do appreciate you trying to explain it away." He reached down and pinched my nipple.

Fire and lightning coursed through my chest, and I arched up from the brief flash of pain. My pussy was thumping in time with my pounding heart.

He gave me a half smile—the one that said he wasn't really mad at me—before gently trailing his fingertips down my belly. My cardiac muscles galloped wildly, and the fine hairs on my arms stood up. I was ready to start pleading already: "Punish me. Do what you need to. But God, please, let me come, Jared."

"I FOUND MYSELF TESTING MY BONDS WITHOUT REALIZING I WAS DOING IT."

But I said nothing like that.

"That's a good thing you've done." His fingers trailed over my mound, slipped along my folds and ran over my swollen clit so briefly I sobbed. "I do like when you think things through." He slid a finger between my legs and into my desperate pussy. I was so wet that he filled me with ease.

"Please!" I finally blurted out, overcome by impatience. His eyes flashed at me, and I hurriedly mumbled, "Sorry."

He smiled slyly. He knew me too well. "I know you're not really sorry, you little brat," he said. He pinched my hip, and I bucked.

He used to spank me, and he still did when the spirit moved him, but lately he

pinched. The pain is intense, searing and fleeting. It leaves behind a footprint of pain that can spike my pleasure to unfathomable highs.

The wetness in my pussy grew as Jared pinched a pattern he found pleasing on my hip.

I whimpered and tried so very hard to stay still—but failed. At the very end of this small but significant torture, he had to place his hand on my hipbone to press me flat against the mattress.

"Almost done, love."

I groaned when he was actually done. My heartbeat thumped in the skin he'd tortured. I knew some of those spots would turn purple. I knew I'd look at them in the mirror, pressing them with my fingers—fascinated and reliving the memory. And I knew that if he caught me doing that, which he often did, he'd make me masturbate in front of him.

All of those thoughts swirled and sent me into a heightened state of arousal.

"You want to come, don't you?"

He smiled at me, and his wicked expression made my neck hairs prickle. I found myself testing my bonds without realizing I was doing it.

"There's no getting away. I'll let you come, sweetheart. But not until I feel like you've paid for your fuck-up. After all, I love you. And I love to see you lose it and come like the slut that you are."

I moaned, and my hips rocked up, my whole body aching for him to put me out of my misery. But I knew for a fact, he'd create more misery before he ended it.

He rummaged in the nightstand and came up with my wand vibrator. It was his favorite toy to use to make me lose control. Just seeing it filled me with dread and excitement.

He pushed a finger back inside my pussy and shook his head. "You're ten times wetter now than you were a minute ago. Just seeing this made you gush, my little whore." He added a second finger and pumped them roughly.

"Please, Jared. Please, baby..." I'd

already broken and was asking him to make me come. My desperation earned me a chuckle.

"You think you're getting off that easy?"

I tossed my head and cried out, "No, no, no...I don't."

"That's my girl," he said, pulling his fingers free. I was so wet I heard his withdrawal, and the absence of his warm penetration was notable.

Jared's cock looked large and hard as it stressed the fly of his jeans. I considered asking to suck him, which might push him to fuck me faster. But that tactic rarely worked and often earned me the denial of orgasm.

Jared pushed his fingers into me again as the wand started to hum. He pressed the fat head of the toy to my clit as he fucked me with his digits. In and out, in and out, every thrust made my cunt drip. The rumbling vibration of the toy wormed into my pelvis, pushing me closer to coming.

I knew what he'd do. He'd get me just about there and back off before giving me permission to come.

I felt so swollen, full and ready, and yet every time I thought that wand might push me over the edge, he'd move it just a smidge to the left or down or up—and leave me hanging.

Jared watched my face intently. He was studying every flicker, every grimace, every sigh. He wanted me to be hovering on the razor's edge of coming—but then deny me the ultimate pleasure.

He withdrew his fingers slowly. Moisture seeped out of me, too. I could feel my honey sliding down the crack of my ass and pooling on the bed beneath me.

"Such a slut. Look how wet you are. That was two fingers. But I bet you can take three."

Adding more seemed impossible, but Jared is a patient man. I moaned and tossed my hips as he jammed me full. When he stretched me like that, it hurt



just right. I felt so tight and impossibly packed.

He pumped his fingers in and out of me at a slow, steady rhythm. Then he turned up the intensity of the toy, putting the wand against my pounding clit. I bucked at being stuff so full—but the buzz, buzz, buzz of the wand against my button was heaven.

My pussy clenched and throbbed as he took his time fucking me.

"You're right there, aren't you?" he asked.

I nodded like a madwoman. Desperate. Wanting him to have mercy on me.

"I am. Please, Jared. Please..."

"Please what, my love?"

He pressed the wand even harder to my clit. I gasped, so close. Right. Fucking. There.

"Let me come."

The wand went away, and he tsked at me. "Soon enough. But not if you ask again. If you're ballsy enough to ask again, then no. No coming for you, little girl."

I sobbed and pressed my hips up as much as I was able. His fingers were still buried in me to the hilt. When he began to withdraw them so slowly my head swam, I cried out.

I bit my lip to keep myself from begging again. Begging wouldn't help me this time, and I knew it.

He stepped back from the bed and turned his back to me. For a moment, I had the great and crushing fear that he'd leave the room—walk away and

leave me in this limbo. He'd done it before. He'd do it again.

Instead, I heard his zipper. He took off his jeans and his T-shirt and turned back to me—stark naked, his cock as hard as stone and oh-so-ready.

I sighed blissfully knowing I was one step closer to getting what I wanted.

Jared climbed onto the bed and straddled my tits. He brushed his cock over my lips, and I lapped at him eagerly.

"Show me how sorry you are, baby girl."

I opened my mouth, straining for him, flicking my tongue along whatever part of his cock I could reach.

He put his hands on the headboard, angled his body over me, and pushed into my mouth, fucking it slowly.

"Suck my cock. Show me how sorry you are."

I'd have given anything to have my hands free. To touch him, to touch myself, to make myself come. Instead, I licked him, sucked him, skated my lips along his shaft, wanting to make him feel good. Wanting to earn my reward.

I sucked him for a while and then went slack, letting my mouth relax. His rhythm grew faster. He was taking my mouth exactly as he needed. Every time he withdrew, I let my tongue press the underside of his shaft.

"That's a good girl. That's my pretty-mouthed wonder. Suck my cock. Take it..." His voice was harsh and raspy, and I knew he was on the verge of blowing his load.

Seconds later, he came in my mouth. I swallowed him down, fighting for air

VARIATIONS

▾ S&M LETTERS



but not caring about that at all.

My cunt pulsed with excitement as Jared crawled down my body. This time, when he shoved his fingers into me, it was four. I felt so agonizingly stretched. And then his quickly flicking tongue came down on my clit, and I shivered, pleasure searing me like a flame.

Jared fucked me hard and fast with his fingers, and I knew I'd be sore later. But his tongue worked my clit so perfectly I didn't care.

I thrashed like a crazy woman as I came, my pussy bursting with wetness from my orgasm.

Being forgetful has its benefits.

—V.M., via email

🕯 MAKE ME WATCH

My particular kink only worked if I cared for the woman. And I liked Becky, a lot. She was smart, perceptive—and oh yeah, the most smoking-hot chick I'd ever met, without a doubt. We'd been physically and emotionally involved for about two months when I had decided to tell her what I really wanted from her—what I needed from her.

I had made her dinner at my place. As we sat over a dessert of tiramisu, I laid it all out. It took guts. Telling a woman about my innermost need is always risky. I'd had situations blow up on me before.

Becky listened, the expression on her pretty face intent. I finished, and the tension became unbearable as I waited for her response.

"So," she said at last, "is it that you want to watch me fuck another man...or do you want to be forced to watch?"

With those words, Becky cut through years of my inner turmoil as I'd grappled with my own peculiar sexual kink. She had put it in perfect terms. With my voice trembling, I said, "Yes. Make me watch you."

Becky grinned and told me that could be arranged. At that moment, I felt like I'd unleashed an uncontrollable fury—and I was right.

With past paramours, I'd arranged for a simpler scenario. They would fuck somebody, and I would watch. Those experiences had thrilled me, seeing another man have sex with what I'd thought of as my woman. But there had always been something missing.

I also wanted to feel helpless as I watched, like I had no choice about it, like I was being tormented by the sight

of my lover being unfaithful to me. Even the idea—now that Becky had stated it plainly—sent frantic shivers through me. I could barely sleep that night.

The next evening I showed up eagerly at her place. She had a stern look about her. She was wearing a long robe. Without even a kiss hello, she led me into her bedroom where a wooden chair faced the bed.

"Strip," she ordered coolly and bluntly.

I liked the hard edge in her voice and the glare of her eyes. My cock swelled as I got naked for her.

"Sit," she commanded.

I sat, gooseflesh raised on my body. She produced silk scarves and tied me to the chair. My ankles were lashed to the legs, and my hands were bound behind me. The knots were for real. I couldn't move.

Becky stepped back and tossed away her robe. She was wearing a leather underbust corset that left her gorgeous tits bare and black stockings that accentuated her shapely legs. My cock throbbed as I beheld that sexy vision of feminine beauty and power.

"Now, boy," she said, "I'll show you what I do with other men when you're not around."

Her words guided me right into the proper mindset. Yes. Yes! I was the cuckold. I was the devoted lover who was learning only now that the woman I cared for deeply was cheating on me. I embraced the jealousy like it was a role in a stage play.

"Get out here!" she called. The words weren't for me. The door of the bedroom opened, and a man came in. He was naked. His dick was as blazingly hard as mine. He came to stand meekly before Becky, his eyes on the carpet. He didn't acknowledge my presence at all.

She had picked herself a serious stud, some distant part of me judged. The young hunk was tall and muscled, but somehow tiny Becky seemed to loom over him. She looked him up and down,

a wicked smile curling her lips. I'd never seen Becky like this before, and the sight of her looking so imperious and powerful excited me.

Becky grabbed the guy's cock, squeezing it hard. "You don't come until I tell you to! You hear me?"

Her tone made my dick pulse. The man grunted in the affirmative. Still holding his cock, she towed him to the bed.

He lay down as she instructed. She told him he wasn't allowed to touch her with his hands. She squatted over him, planting her feet on either side on his hips and lowered her pussy toward his steely staff. She was faced toward me as she did it. As she took his cock up inside her, she stared into my eyes, grinning with evil satisfaction.

She let out a long purring moan. "Oooh! His cock's so big. I feel him so deep."

I felt a hot surge of hurt and lust. The emotions were tightly entwined. My woman was fucking another man! Right in front of me! And I had to watch it. My chest hitched as if from a sob. The emotional pain was exquisite. It ignited thrills and exhilarations in me that I'd only guessed were there before, buried under the surface.

Becky rode the stranger's cock with unflagging enthusiasm. I heard the squelch of her copious pussy juices. I saw the beautiful flex of her body underneath the skin-tight corset. She reached up

to fondle her tits, tweaking her stiffened red nipples. I thought of all the times I'd sucked her breasts, and the memories lit new jealousy inside me, increasing my indecent pleasure.

She bounced harder and faster on her stud, her face glowing as she mumbled, "Yeah! Yeah! Fuck yeah!" She bucked crazily now, increasing the volume of her exclamations as she demanded of me: "Watch me come! You fucking watch!"

And watch I did. I saw her climax overtake her like a visible force, wracking her lovely body. She tossed back her head and wailed with orgasmic triumph. My cock dribbled pre-come in sympathy. I automatically tried to reach for my rod, desperate to jerk it—only to remember my hands were still bound fast behind me. I ached inside as my unanswered desire peaked.

My wicked queen climbed off her lover. Obediently, he'd held back his climax, though his whole body trembled with the effort. I sympathized with him, too. Grinning again, Becky went to a drawer and busied herself with something. When she turned, I was completely shocked as I

saw her sporting a sizable strap-on dildo.

"On your hands and knees, boy." The command wasn't for me. On the bed the other man dutifully assumed the position. Becky squirted lube onto his asshole and moved in behind him. I had never guessed her capable of this. The sight of her ready to take another man's ass was incredibly exciting.

I watched the guy's face as she penetrated him. His features changed subtly as pleasure colored his cheeks and caused his lips to quiver. Becky slowly drove her phony cock into his ass, increasing her speed until she was seriously fucking him.

As she continued to piston in and out of her lover's back hole, she lifted a hand and, without warning, brought it down with a sharp smack on his defenseless ass. He cried out.

"Take it!" she yelled, then slapped him again. "Take my cock!"

She continued to fuck and spank him. He groaned and whimpered, but there was no doubt he was loving every bit of her erotic cruelty. My helpless body jerked in the chair. I made moaning sounds of my

**"AS SHE TOOK
HIS COCK UP
INSIDE HER, SHE
STARED INTO MY
EYES, GRINNING."**



VARIATIONS

▾ S&M LETTERS



“BECKY SLOWLY DROVE HER PHONY COCK INTO HIS ASS, INCREASING HER SPEED.”

own. I wanted to be a part of what I was seeing. I didn't just want to watch. I longed to be in on the fun!

But Becky ruled the scene. She gave her man another vicious swat, and then said, “Come for me now! Shoot your load!”

And just like that, this guy started to erupt. I watched, amazed, as his cock shot pearly stripes all over the bed, without any contact at all from his hand—or hers. It had just taken Becky's voice, and maybe the stimulation of that dildo plowing his rear.

After, Becky withdrew from him and discarded the strap-on. The man lay panting on the bed. She stepped off and

moved toward my chair. She looked so powerful and attractive, towering over me. Somehow she had seen deep into me, and had understood what I truly needed. She had known me better than I thought I knew myself.

I strained powerlessly toward her, unable to do anything but make the chair legs squeal underneath me. I so wanted to touch her, to taste her, to fuck her. Her grin was malevolent. I could see she loved how helpless I was.

“I want your tongue,” she said, and excitement raced through me, almost enough to give me a hands-free orgasm like the one the man on the bed had just experienced. But my cock continued to throb, with no relief in sight.

Becky untied me and directed me onto the bed, near her breathless lover. Then she straddled my face, moving up until her glistening pussy hovered above my lips. I inhaled her aroma, the scent thrilling me. She wound her fingers into my hair, pulling hard on the roots. Holding my head completely still, she lowered her streaming cleft onto my mouth.

The first taste of her made my cock pulse and awakened my senses. Every centimeter of my body buzzed with erotic energy. Becky smeared her damp lips back and forth across my mouth. Her

juices trickled down my chin as I jammed my tongue up into her groove. She was hot inside, her walls slick. She rocked back and forth, her hips moving smoothly.

“Yeah! Eat my cunt!”

I was just a prop, like the dildo she'd worn earlier. I was a tool for her pleasure. The basic desire that had driven me so long—to be the cuckold—had evolved into something greater, grander. This was fulfillment like I'd never imagined it.

I ate her pussy diligently. As she humped against my face, I heard her say something but didn't catch her words. A moment later, I was shocked to feel shoulders sliding between my naked thighs and hot breath on my aching cock.

My eyes sprang wide again. Becky, still gripping my hair, looked down at me. “He's going to suck you off. And you'll come when I let you.”

I felt a moment of panic that turned almost immediately into further excitement. The stud's mouth closed over my cock. It was the first time I'd ever had sexual contact with another guy. But I was Becky's to command. She resumed grinding against my mouth. I tongued her deep as the man sucked me down to my balls. The pleasure was undeniable. But I had to wait for Becky's permission to come.

Becky moaned and whipped her hips as her climax hit her, then she breathlessly told me: “You may come.”

I couldn't have waited a second longer, and my spunk unloaded into that unseen mouth.

I belonged to Becky forever after that.

—F.S., Chicago, Illinois

Do you have the kind of sex life that involves taking or giving orders as part of giving and receiving pleasure? Where being bound sets you free? Share your kinks with your fellow readers. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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YOURS FOR THE TAKING.”

—MISTY



THREE-WAY THRILLS

Two men make this ménage even merrier for a hot-blooded vixen, who craves the type of exotic experience only multiple males can provide.

By Alexa Hicks

Somehow I was telling my troubles to the nice, handsome man I had finally asked out on a lunch date. "It's not fair," I grumbled. Gary

worked for a rival company, and we'd met at various corporate functions. But the competition between our firms was generally friendly, and he and I flirted whenever we had the opportunity.

Now, pretty stupidly, I'd pounded down two wine spritzers and was unloading my past sexual frustrations on him. Maybe he was just someone I felt I could really talk to about my deepest feelings.

"Fair?" Gary asked. A breeze blew about his dark, wavy hair as we sat on the restaurant's outdoor deck. He looked bemused, but at least he hadn't bolted from the table. He seemed to actually want to hear what I had to say.

"I mean, every man I've ever been involved with loves the two-women-one-man blueprint for a ménage à trois: The guy gets to romp around with both women, and the two ladies fool around with each other. It's double sex and hot lesbian porn, all happening to that one lucky guy."

"Yes, that's the classic scenario," Gary said in a mannerly tone.

"Well, it's bullshit!"

A few heads turned at my outburst. I blushed and said, "Excuse me."

"It's okay." Light flashed off the water, making the smile Gary offered even more dazzling. "Tell me why it's bullshit," he said.

I returned his grin, gladder than ever we were on this date.

"All right," I said, drawing a breath like I was about to explain a thesis. "Your basic straight male gets turned on by the sight of two women having sex. There's something almost primal about it. Sends

guys into a sexual tizzy. I don't knock it. Women's bodies are beautiful." I hesitated a moment, then added, "I know, I've enjoyed a few female bodies myself."

What the hell kind of first-date talk is this? I asked myself. But Gary merely nodded encouragingly.

"So," I continued, figuring I was in too deep to quit now, "whenever I've had a threeway, it's been with a man and another

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "you're an amazingly attractive woman. I'm not surprised you've drawn a...number of sexual partners. But surely at some point two men in your life must have agreed to at least try the kind of group venture you've mentioned? So, it might be bullshit, but perhaps not total bullshit?"

I suppressed a delighted giggle, unable to imagine anybody else putting the question quite the same way.

"Well. Okay. There was one time. In college, senior year. I was seeing these two guys..."

Scott and Omar. I didn't go into physical detail for Gary's benefit, but I could still see the two boys vividly in my memory. They were both handsome in a jock-like way, full of erotic energy and untested confidence.

Scott was a swimmer, serious enough about the sport that he actually shaved all the hair off his lithe, muscular body. I loved handling his smooth balls and the feeling of his hairless legs entwined with mine.

Omar was a beefier specimen, with corded biceps and big knuckly hands. He liked to fuck me while holding me facing him, cupping my ass in those large hands in order to lift and drop me onto his hard cock until he spurted into me.

Each knew I was sexually involved with the other, and both of them had other girlfriends. But who cared? It was senior year, maybe the last great carnal blowout of our lives. For all we knew, the real world was going to be a sexless drag full of timetables and suffocating responsibilities.

So, separately but on the same day, I proposed a threeway to my passionate lovers. I didn't specify that I wanted to see them screw around with each other; I hoped that event would occur naturally, when things fully heated up.

"OUR MOUTHS WERE PRESSING TOGETHER IN A COMPLEX THREE-WAY KISS."

woman. And those have been great. Don't get me wrong. There's something really wild and fun and sexually freeing about being with the right people."

"I agree," Gary said.

I reached across the table and took his hand. "But what I have always really wanted to do was have a threesome with two men who are into me—and each other. Get it? I'm the only woman, and two good-looking guys are pleasing me and pleasuring each other. It's bullshit because most guys aren't interested in having a boy-girl-boy threesome with no boundaries."

I watched Gary's winsome features, waiting for the familiar flinch. He had a courteous way about him.



Scott hemmed and hawed, as though looking for an excuse not to, but finally said okay. Omar flat out refused, then got sully when I expressed my disappointment (after all, as I reminded him, I'd played with him and a woman named Nikki). Eventually, he grudgingly agreed.

Not a promising setup for the fulfillment of my ultimate fantasy.

Still, I went forward optimistically. Both guys came to my room that night, arriving at the same time. They bumbled through the doorway together, tripping up like vaudeville comics. Feeling the awkward tension, I played peacemaker. I kissed one, then the other. Then I backed off and stripped for them. They both loved my body, and I watched those two sets of eyes as they both watched me.

I also saw both crotches swell. I got onto my bed, spreading my legs and pussy.

Scott and Omar started taking off their clothes, looking at one another out of the corners of their eyes. I hoped they were turned on by what they saw, like in a porn movie where the two women hopping into bed with a man suddenly leer at one another.

But Scott came to the bed, alone, and when his smooth, hair-free body rested atop mine, it felt good. We made out passionately, my breasts crushed to his sleek chest, and I felt my ardor rising rapidly. Unable to wait any longer, he slipped his cock into me, and I gasped. As he began thrusting, I responded with automatic pleasure.

Omar, naked and hard, watched us with riveted concentration. He was still,

but I saw interest sparkling in his eyes. I guessed he'd never seen a man and woman fuck in front of him before. Over Scott's undulating shoulders, I gestured him toward the bed. He stepped forward uncertainly.

Scott meanwhile was bringing me efficiently to my first orgasm. I clenched his waist with my knees and his lovely cock with my flowing pussy. I bucked and writhed underneath him through a sweet fit of bliss.

As Omar approached, Scott abruptly retreated. With a cautious expression, Omar knelt between my damp thighs and speared me with his cock. Again, I was wrenched with pleasure from good, old-fashioned straightforward penetration. Omar stroked into me, and now Scott was standing back and watching, as though keeping a safe distance from the action.

Neither man was entirely comfortable with the situation. They would take their turns plowing my pussy, but I knew I wasn't likely to see one fondling the other's cock or them trying out experimental blowjobs on each other.

I wasn't ready to surrender my fantasy. I'd been dreaming of a night like this for years, and I wasn't going to let the opportunity slip through my fingers. Both men were obviously aroused by me. I just had to find some way of rechanneling that erotic energy in a way that might be appropriately inspiring.

While Omar pounded into me, I dug my fingers into his broad, strong back and squirmed through a second climax. Then I put a hand to his cheek and said, "Wait," before he could shoot his load.

Puzzled, he stood up at my direction. I scooted down to the foot of my bed. I took Omar's slick cock in my hand. At the same time, I reached for Scott's. I liked the feel of those two swollen, straining organs in my grip. I tugged the guys closer, giving their sweet staffs a few encouraging pumps. They throbbed in my fists.

I leaned forward and licked Scott's plum-sized cockhead. I tasted my own honey and savored his manly flavor beneath it. I sucked my way down his vein-bulging shaft. He moaned as I gave him some fine suction.

Then I shifted and dropped my mouth onto Omar's thick meat. I raced my tongue up and down him, sucking him to his balls. He released a helpless groan.

I came up for air, looking up at the two men. I still gripped their needy cocks in my hands.

"I want you to come on my face," I said hoarsely. "Both of you."

They wore identical expressions of delirium. Skillfully, I started jerking their cocks at once. I drew the men closer to me. They had to press together side by side, their bodies at last touching.

My whole body rang with erotic rapture as those slippery lengths slid through my hands. As I pumped, I tugged the two throbbing cockheads even closer toward one another. I wanted to see them touch.

Omar and Scott were both grunting, their hips rocking, their bodies rubbing unavoidably together. They were too turned on to be freaked out about anything anymore.

They cried out and started jetting their spunk onto my upturned face, first one

VARIATIONS

▾ THREESOMES

and then the other. I brought their lovely cockheads together. I saw the glory of those male organs in contact as they surrendered to their pleasure. I gave each man's cock a final suck and smiled.

When it was over, the two men backed away to separate corners, like the bell had rung in a prizefight. They looked sated and happy, but I could tell I wasn't going to get true fulfillment of my supreme fantasy from these two.

I looked across at Gary. "It was fun. But still, it wasn't exactly the threeway I'd waited so long for. So it was bullshit, and *that* is total bullshit." Gary was still holding my hand. A sailboat passed behind him. I bit my lip, embarrassed.

After a pause, he said, "Alexa, that is the damnedest first-date story anyone has ever shared with me. Now let me tell you something candidly. I have never once done anything sexual with another man, but I'm curious. And I have a few adventurous male friends. I'm attracted to you, and you—hopefully—to me. If this thing between us turns into a romance, I will happily arrange that dream threesome. Okay?"

I could have kissed him for that. Later on, I did. And we, of course, did a lot more after that.

When Gary and I were well into a torrid love affair, the momentous night arrived.

Emile, Gary's friend, came out to a club with us. He was a finely sculpted man, with a runner's physique and flashing blue eyes. From the moment we met, he was friendly and courteous, much like Gary. After getting to know him a little better over drinks, we headed to Gary's place to do what we'd only talked about over gin fizzes.

I sensed Gary's nervousness as we went into his spacious condo. I didn't doubt he would go through with this, if only for my sake. But I wanted him to enjoy the evening, too.

Emile was suave, speaking with a hint of a French accent that made my knees quivery, but he didn't

come off as effeminate. He'd told me unapologetically that he liked having sex with women as much as with men. He and Gary had met abroad years ago. Emile knew his friend was entering new sexual territory that night.

He helped Gary off with his jacket. Standing behind, he slipped his arms around Gary. I saw my boyfriend go still, a slightly anxious look on his face. Slowly, though, he relaxed into Emile's easy embrace. Emile held him, then softly kissed his cheek.

Even that—a little amiable peck between the two men—was enough to set my pussy throbbing. I gaped rapturously as

"GARY HAMMERED ME, GOING INTO RUNAWAY MODE, RACING TOWARD RELEASE."

Gary turned in Emile's arms. They looked into one another's eyes before their mouths gradually moved closer, ultimately meeting in a lingering kiss. It was fairly chaste at first, then their lips moved, and the kiss became more passionate. I saw the tempting flash of tongues as they continued to smooch.

Unable to stay silent, I made an animalistic moan of pleasure. Emile turned and, grinning, waved me over. Both men drew me into a group embrace, and suddenly, our three mouths were all pressing together in a complex but totally workable three-way kiss. The act set orchestral strings sounding in my ears. A great tingling rose up over my flesh.

When we broke that fantastic male/f

female/male kiss, I swayed in their arms, blissfully drunk on lust. They led me into Gary's ornate bedroom, and together they got me out of my clothes. Emile studied my body with desire blazing in his blue eyes. I could feel his heavy gaze on me as my flesh was gradually exposed.

I went to him and unbuttoned his shirt. Gary helped me undress him, thrilling me intensely. When Emile's cock was freed from his slacks, Gary's gaze locked on the lovely, veiny length of him. Emile and I, in turn, disrobed Gary, the whole process a sweet erotic ballet. We were all naked now, the two men with hard, pulsing cocks, and me with my pussy wet and waiting for whatever the night held for us.

For a second we froze, hovering there on the precipice, electricity crackling in the room. Then I took the men by their wrists and pulled them with me onto the sumptuous bed. I ended up in the middle, with Gary and Emile bracketing me. Their cocks pressed against me. Gary fondled one of my breasts, while Emile lowered his head and sucked on the nipple of the other.

A fresh wave of special excitement coursed through me when Gary reached across my body and took Emile's nipple between his thumb and finger, tweaking it experimentally. Emile grinned and caressed Gary's bare flank, running his hand over the slight swell of his hip until he'd cupped Gary's taut ass. He squeezed, and I shivered, as if the contact were being transmitted directly into my brain's pleasure centers.

The men kissed again, right above me, a fearsome tangle of tongues. They ground their mouths together, a beautiful sight that aroused me intensely.

I wasn't left out of the sensual action. Fingers—I didn't know whose!—touched my moist opening, delving slowly into my body. I reached down for Gary's cock, finding a tempting bead of pre-come already dribbling from his crown. When I went for Emile's shaft, I discovered to my delight that Gary was already handling



him. This was, I knew, the very first time he had ever touched another man's erection. The idea excited me. As those deft fingers pressed into me, and expertly worked my swollen clit, I shook with a potent climax.

Gary started actively pulling on Emile's rod. Emile adjusted Gary's hand, helping him find the perfect jerk-off tempo. Gary's eyes glazed with lust as he rhythmically stroked his friend.

I realized Emile's fingers were the ones up in my furrow, stirring luscious feelings in me. After he withdrew, Gary seized his hand, brought his wet fingers up to his mouth and sucked on them. Gary's lips ringed Emile's digits and slid slowly down to his knuckles.

Plainly, Gary was working up the nerve to suck on something else. He continued sliding his hand up and down Emile's delectable-looking shaft.

I sat up, draping myself against Gary's toned body. I reached around and gently stroked his cock, then put my mouth by his ear and whispered, "Go ahead, lover. Taste him."

Emile shifted, lying back with his runner's legs spread. With a last look at me, Gary dropped to his elbows between those thighs. I moved around to watch my boyfriend scoop his friend's balls up softly, then tentatively lower his mouth toward the thick cockhead.

The moment of contact was electric, a palpable snap of lustful energy in the bedroom. Gary's tongue swirled over Emile's crown. Emile shivered, and so did Gary. He sealed his mouth around the cockhead and, in fits and starts, sucked his way down the shaft. I saw his cheeks cave in instinctively around the staff. I knew it when he hit his gag reflex, and I quickly murmured some encouraging

instructions to him.

Emile slouched back, moaning rapturously. Apparently, Gary wasn't grazing him with his teeth or making any obvious amateur cocksucking mistakes. Soon enough, he even got past his gag reflex and took Emile all the way into his throat.

I was proud of Gary. I watched as his head rose and fell atop Emile's shaft. His neck muscles worked diligently. No doubt he was enjoying himself; he was making ecstatic humming noises.

He also wasn't letting up. Gently, he kneaded Emile's balls, a trick I knew from vast experience would move a guy that much quicker toward climaxing. Did Gary mean to make Emile shoot in his mouth?

Emile flailed about on the big bed. He reached out and grabbed my right tit, as though he needed something to hold on to through his approaching crisis. With my stiff nipple caught between two of his knuckles, I watched with fascination as Gary drove him past the point of no return.

With a cry, Emile lifted his hips, lurching into Gary's throat and bucking with a series of orgasmic spasms. Gary kept his lips cinched greedily around that jetting cock. I envied him the taste of Emile's cream.

Eventually, Gary sat up, rocking back and forth. When his eyes opened, they shone with a new light. He turned his gaze on me and smiled. As he did, a tiny pearl of come glistened at a corner of his mouth.

He grabbed my shoulders, pushed me flat on the bed, and kneed apart my legs. I was more than ready for him. I accepted his frantic thrust, every inch of it, as he buried his cock in my pussy. I lifted my hips and worked a busy rhythm with him.

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I reached up, pulled his face down toward mine, and swirled my tongue through his mouth, catching the residue of Emile's load.

Emile, meanwhile, lay down next to me, grinning devilishly and fondling my tits some more. Gary hammered into me, going into that runaway mode, racing headlong toward his own overdue release. Our bodies clenched together in a mutual climax, and I felt his hot seed shoot deep inside me.

Of course, that wasn't the end of the night. A bit later, I was astride Gary's face, getting my snatch licked as I watched Emile treating him to a sloppy blowjob. Later still, the two men sandwiched me, with Emile's sturdy cock filling my pussy and Gary fucking my ass.

That night was the absolute fulfillment of my dream threeway, but I know it won't be my last foray into the erotic MFM ménage. ☪



RAISING CANE

Inspired by artwork of old, a professor creates a special gift for his domme wife that helps them make history—together.

By Walter Yardley

Most academics will not freely admit this, but when you spend enough time prowling around archives, sex always ends up creeping into your studies. I know. I'm a professor of medieval history at a private university and have a number of colleagues who'd agree with me. One specializes in Victorian England and the social history of medicine but has a secret pet project dedicated to the history of vibrators; another who works on the antebellum South can spend all night talking about courtesans and brothels. I guess it's only natural to ponder how generations before us got off.

As a medievalist, though, I think I can "out sex" and generally "out freak" them all! To start off, my lecture slides can look like a death metal video, thanks to the etchings of obscure demons such as Sitri and Dantalion or agonized martyrs, like St. Anthony. And then you also have creepier depictions of plague victims, and portrayals of the apocalypse.

But these days, my most favorite engravings—which don't make it into my usual European history survey—are medieval birching scenes. They typically depict a shocking view of a bare bottom anticipating a blow in an otherwise conservative scene. I especially love one I have of a busty milkmaid getting the switch from a monk. I love the voyeuristic nudity—and the looks of shock and shame on the faces of those being whipped. Check the web if you don't believe me—"medieval spanking scenes" are a legit art history thing!

Inspired, I even made my own cane recently out of some reclaimed birch wood—it was a present for my wife. You see, I never realized quite how much a

good spanking could add heat to our sex life until she insisted we go there—really go there.

I guess I find that pain in many life circumstances makes pleasure that much better—and I really delight in the chance to serve her. It's like I have a "white knight complex" on steroids, but I love dropping anything and everything to take care of my woman. Unfortunately, when I was younger and less mature, that

**"MY DICK WAS
ALREADY HARD
BEFORE THE FIRST
BLOW OF THE
PADDLE STRUCK
MY ASS."**

predilection led me to many relationship disasters because of women who'd taken advantage of me—but never sexually, alas.

My first real experience with spanking and sex came when I was in college. I'd dated a foreign exchange student from the Czech Republic, Andulka, who used to slap me hard on the ass when I'd be on top and thrusting inside her. She was a platinum blonde, too, with the pubes to match. The harder we fucked, the more she hit me—and I loved it—I remember coming like crazy! But then, when she went home, and I went back to seeing "regular" American girls, I stopped getting my sex-associated spankings. Plus, we never really contextualized the spankings

as part of a larger BDSM lifestyle either—but we were young.

Unfortunately, I realized shortly after Andulka's departure that vanilla sex was becoming unsatisfactory. I would never say no to a good, old-fashioned fuck, but that cocktail of pleasure and pain had gotten me higher than any drug. Of course, as any newbie can tell you, coming out as an eager participant of the BDSM lifestyle is not always easy—and I had to figure this out well before decent social networks for kinksters existed and BDSM became trendy.

Plus, there are just so many misconceptions out there to overcome regarding submission, especially for men. Let me say that just because I like to be spanked and enjoy servicing my domme wife doesn't make me less of a man. If anything, I'm man enough to serve her—and man enough to know exactly what I need.

Which brings me back to my post-college adventures. I met my wife, Ingrid, while doing research in Cologne, Germany, and we eloped shortly after returning to the States.

She's a translator for a large tech company, but she tolerates my love of old books. Sometimes she'll reward me with a prized volume, or punish me if she finds I'm not keeping my study tidy.

In public, Ingrid is the most pleasant and mild-mannered woman I've ever known. She's petite, with silky shoulder-length black hair and kind blue eyes. She never raises her voice, and some people think her tone is downright soothing. But when sex is on the table, a switch flips, and my Ingrid becomes a ruthless succubus. When she's unleashed, a night with her is a completely wild experience. It's all I can do to try and ride the waves,

undulating between my own vulnerability as a submissive and my need to keep pushing the boundaries of my lust.

In any case, I am a lucky man for finding her. She picked up quickly that I wanted her to take charge, to mount me, to tell me exactly how to please her. And discovering additional dimensions to her dominant side together has been pure joy. We are both in our early 40s and don't have children, so we are free to pretty much go anywhere and do anything—and our sexual escapades definitely reflect that freedom.

One night, before we were even engaged, she made me crawl completely naked through the house, gathering any laundry I'd left on the floor while she spanked my bottom with a hairbrush—a wooden one with real boar bristles. I almost came on the carpet, and after I admitted I nearly lost control, she forced me to suffer an extra hour without release.

My domestic duties after marriage include my careful cleaning and maintenance of her dishes. I always tidy up after breakfast, and if so much as a single smudge distorts Ingrid's favorite clear glass plates, I gladly suffer punishment. Of course, reward in the form of a pre-work blowjob is also an excellent morning motivation.

When we return home from work each day, I immediately open a bottle of wine and pour two glasses. I don't touch mine until she's tried hers and approves it. Then we speak freely, and usually I'll have the pleasure of massaging her feet. But like any normal couple, we have our share of stress and our own ways of dealing with it—and our sex life is vital to releasing our tension.

Once, after Ingrid lost a really important and lucrative freelance client, she was nearly brought to tears. I went to the bedroom and retrieved the paddle we keep in the nightstand. Without saying a word, I handed her the implement. She stopped crying, and an instant look of calm washed over her face, which then



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**“SHE SNAPPED
THE LEATHER
AGAINST MY
THIGHS UNTIL
MY SKIN
WAS HUMMING.”**

hardened into that of the wicked mistress I know and love.

“Get up,” she commanded, “and take off your pants.”

I struggled with the zipper in my nervousness.

“Faster!” she snapped.

My dick was already hard before the first blow of the paddle struck my bare ass. I stood there, letting my sweet, stressed-out wife spank my bare butt until she had worked out her frustration. I might’ve grunted or groaned, but I never cried out. Though, of course, I have a safeword if I really needed her to stop, but I’ve never had to use it in all our years together.

By the time Ingrid was finished with me that night, my bottom was probably the color of a tomato—but how I relished that burning warmth that consumed me.

As I stood there catching my breath and feeling my ass throb, Ingrid got on her knees and serviced me, letting me come down her velvety throat.

As she toyed with my flaccid cock, waiting for me to get hard again so we could fuck, we laughed together. What a way to forget a horrible day!

But back to the present. I was inspired

to make my own implement after we went for a drive through the gorgeous roads of Amish country. During our trip, we stopped at a farm stand, and when I saw some raw wood for sale, I couldn’t resist picking out some whippy birch.

It took me several tries to create the perfect cane for her; woodwork is definitely not a hobby for the impatient! However, I finished polishing it up just ahead of our anniversary at the end of May; and the night we finally tried it out remains etched in my memory forever.

Leading up to our special night, I cleaned the house and pre-prepared my wife’s favorite molten chocolate dessert for afterward.

When she arrived home, I knelt in the foyer and removed her shoes for her. I kissed her feet and worked my way up.

“Happy anniversary,” she said with a smile.

I grinned and picked her up, carrying her down the hall to where I’d prepared her a bath with her favorite jasmine vanilla salts. I massaged her shoulders and neck while she filled me in on some mundane, non-sexy details of the day. But then as I kissed her neck and worked my way down to her breasts, all of her daily frustrations

disappeared—replaced by anticipation of what we were about to do.

She shifted position so I could shave her legs for her, and then we wrapped up with a soothing head massage and shampoo. But don’t think that being a submissive husband means I get nothing in return. There’s always a method to my madness; when my wife is relaxed and in the mood, sex can last all night.

Still fully nude, she sat down in front of her vanity as I brushed her wet hair. Unfortunately, though, I pulled a little too roughly on a tough knot.

“Ouch!” Ingrid grimaced.

“Sorry,” I immediately apologized.

Ingrid raised her eyebrows. “Give me the brush, and pull down your pants.”

She walloped me at least a dozen times. And then, as further punishment, I had to resume my work with an aching hard-on. She made me brush her hair until it was perfect. And once she was satisfied, our evening really began.

“Walter, go get the paddle.”

I shook my head.

“Are you defying me?”

“No, Ma’am. I have a surprise—one that’s much better than the paddle.”

Ingrid folded her arms and stood up. “Very well, bring it into the bedroom.”

I rushed down the hall to retrieve my newly made cane from the den. I had wrapped a single black velvet ribbon in the middle of it. I walked into the



bedroom and knelt down before my magnificently nude wife, offering up the thin swishy piece of wood like a knight would offer tribute to his lady.

The faintest corners of her smile turned upright. "What's this?"

"I finished it. For you. For us."

Ingrid stripped away the velvet ribbon and stroked the length of the cane. Both ends were softened and rounded off, and I'd branded our initials in the very middle. "Oh wow—you polished it beautifully. It's so smooth." She leaned down and kissed me. "Thank you."

"My pleasure."

Ingrid stroked the cane some more, tracing her manicured nails up and down the length of it. "Maybe I should make you watch me stroke this, while you wish your cock was getting stroked, hmm? How should we take care of your punishment today?"

"Please use it on me."

"Ditch your clothes. And put them in the laundry hamper, or so help me..."

I obeyed immediately.

Standing nude before my wife as she

coolly appraised me, I felt like a prized racing stud. She traced one rounded end of the cane over my body, making me shiver. The teasing touch of the wood, so ticklish and gentle, did not betray its fierce bite, but I knew I'd soon feel its wrath—thanks to Ingrid.

I obediently stood still as my wife poked and prodded my balls with the cane, making me inhale sharply. Then she placed the tip of it underneath my cock, as if to prop up my erection for her inspection.

"You're definitely hard. But I need you harder."

And with that, she reached around and a sudden blow came down across my ass. The sound of the polished wooden switch whistling through the air and striking my flesh was so very different from the paddle. Its impact left a stinging line of fire across my defenseless cheeks, as if I'd been branded by a bolt of lightning.

"Already a red streak," Ingrid said, looking impressed. "This is going to be fun. Get in your bonds."

"As you wish." I put my hands in our jury-rigged bungee cuffs that we keep at

the corners of our four-poster bed. They have Velcro fasteners, so there's no worry about losing a key, and it's easy to change position in the heat of the moment.

Once I was properly situated, facing our wall mirror so I could watch her face, my dear wife set about caning my bare ass without mercy. Hot damn! That biting switch took me to another level.

After delivering several serious blows to my bottom, Ingrid decided to rough me up some more with her cat-o'-nine-tails. She snapped the leather against my thighs until my skin was humming and my cock was brutally erect. That's when Ingrid brought out the paddle, slapping it against my already abused ass and occasionally reaching around to give my cock a stroke of her hand.

"Don't you dare fucking come," she growled.

"No, no, I won't," I promised on a groan.

"Good—because I need you to save it. Do you know where I want you to come?"

"Where?"

"In my pussy—deep in my pussy."

Ingrid untethered me and pointed to

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the rough, jute-weave throw rug on our hardwood floor. "Get your ass down on that."

I may have whimpered as I obeyed and felt the scratchy jute meet my sore bottom. My dick felt like it was practically in another dimension. Ingrid stood over me, taunting me with a view of her wet cunt—so close and yet so far.

"Sit on my face," I begged shamelessly. "Oh please, let me taste you now."

**"EVERY TIME SHE
SLAPPED ME WITH
THAT SWITCH, SHE
EDGED ME CLOSER
TO HEAVEN."**

She smirked right before she squatted over my mouth, practically smothering me with her snatch.

I went wild, tonguing every crease and fold, breathing in her musky scent.

"Oh yes," Ingrid moaned, jerking her hips forward. "Lick my ass, too."

I eagerly obliged. Ingrid and I were late bloomers in the anal department, but we were enjoying making up for lost time. Sometimes she would peg me, but more often than not, when it came to her asshole, she liked to submit and receive—especially when it came to oral worship.

I tongued her ass and played with her clit until she climaxed, glazing my face with her juices. Of course, my poor cock was desperate for relief, hoping my cruel mistress would be kind and not forget its needs—and she didn't!

Ingrid slid down and slipped my cock inside her warm, wet pussy. She began to ride me cowgirl-style, and her rocking motions forced my sore bottom to grate and scrape against the scratchy rug.

Oh, what sweet agony it was to feel my ass on fire as her molten cunt seared my cock.

"You better stay hard and make me come again," she ordered on a moan.

I sure did my best, but in due time, I couldn't help but beg her: "Let me get on top."

Ingrid grinned. "Is it too much for you?"

I nodded. "I want to last."

My wife allowed me to mount her, missionary style. Ingrid wrapped her gorgeous legs around me but let her hands wander down to administer an occasional slap to my ass until we were building up to an explosive crescendo.

"Harder," I begged.

"Where's that paddle when I need it?"

I managed to reach the cane and give it to her. And God bless my wife—every time she slapped me with that switch, she edged me closer and closer to heaven. Those freaky medieval wood carvings had nothing on us!

I reveled in the electric sensations and started powerfully thrusting into her to the point where we were moving that jute rug across our polished wooden floor in the throes of passion.

"Yes! Oh fuck me, Walter!" Ingrid screamed. "Faster!" She dropped the switch, and we just went at it like animals, with Ingrid coming more times than I could count.

I tried to last for as long as possible, but with so many sensations ricocheting back and forth, eventually I felt my climax threatening to burst.

Quickly, I pressed her legs back against her chest to intensify my penetration and blew my load deep inside her. She came again, too, and sprawled out on the floor in exhaustion.

Eventually, we each caught our breath and smiled at one another.

"Thank you," she said, kissing me.

"You're welcome. Just please don't ask me to quit my job and become a woodworker just yet."

We laughed, and then took a little



breather. Ingrid got some soothing mint salve and gave me the most incredible ass and back massage—because a real domme loves and cherishes her submissive.

“How does that feel?” she asked.

“Chilly...I like it.”

“Oh, yeah?”

“I mean, I really—really like it.” I cleared my throat. The cool, tingly ointment—and her expert hands—had given me goosebumps. Suddenly, my dick was hard again.

“What are we going to do with you?” Ingrid said teasingly as she reached between my cheeks to tug my scrotum.

In no time, she was on all fours. And after lavishing her with another rimjob, I fucked her in the ass at her request.

In the months that followed, Ingrid took such a keen liking to my homemade tool that she demanded I make her another one—and I did.

I procured some bamboo wood from the campus garden, and with a little time—and some useful YouTube tutorials—I managed to outdo myself. My latest creation was smaller, almost like a scepter, but with a red silicone dildo mounted at one end. She actually likes letting me use that one on her. She'll lie in bed with her legs open wide and demand I pump her with the dildo. While she enjoys herself, I'm not allowed to play or come until she gives her permission.

Sometimes, she lets me give her a few light smacks and then takes the dildo in her ass while I fuck her pussy. Ingrid really loves to be pumped in both holes these days. But go figure—even when she's stuffed with cock, she's totally in control, like a real domme should be.

Ingrid kept my ass warm as the chilly spring ended—and she's promised me that summer is going to sizzle! She swears she's gonna heat up my ass so much between the cane and the paddle that I'll be melting whole trays of ice cubes on it while we are sitting by the pool—and I can't wait. 





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WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

ROUGH RIDER

Driven past the point of distraction, I called Kim from work to tell her: "Wear the boots tonight."

I'd been thinking about her, nearly bare-ass naked—in those black boots and nothing else—all damn day. My ability to focus had been lost ever since going over an ad campaign for the upcoming fall fashion season, which featured a model who was a white-blond bombshell, like my Kim. It didn't help that the model had been decked out in a bikini and knee-high black boots—not heels like a video game vixen or flats like a warrior goddess, but beautiful, black boots.

Kim had boots like that, and Kim was just as gorgeous. Kim was also good at sucking cock and liked when I fucked her from behind—or sideways—or any way, really.

"What's gotten into you, honey?" She was laughing as she said the words. She knew damn well what it was. And she knew if I called instead of texting I was hot.

"It's what's going to get into *you*, honey."

"Oh, I like it when you're bad," she said softly. I knew her desk was surrounded by those of three other colleagues. Still, her voice dropped to a barely audible whisper to announce, "I'm touching myself beneath my desk."

I groaned and rubbed my hard-on with the flat of my hand and blew out a breath. "I'll see you at four precisely. Do not be late. Do not," I said.

She laughed again.

"I'm serious. I need you, baby."

"I like to be needed. I'll be there...with bells on. Actually, not bells. Boots."

She hung up, and I took a deep breath and tried to get my head back on straight for the next few hours. It was slow going getting through the rest of the workday. Every time I managed to focus, my brain would imagine Kim in nothing but boots and a smile, with her pert tits and her pussy ready, wet and plump.

I raced home like a lunatic and felt a leap of joy upon seeing her car parked in the driveway. I was practically shaking with excitement. So much so that I could barely get my key in the lock. My cock was rock-hard all over again, straining desperately

against my boxer briefs and slacks.

I pushed the door open. "Kim?"

"Up here!" she called, her voice faint.

I'm not a praying man, but I prayed all the way up the steps that she was ready for me.

She was. She was sitting in the middle of our king-size bed—legs crossed, boots on, but otherwise buck naked. I could see her pussy, pink and glistening.

She smiled at me and said, "Hi, baby!"

I started working open my belt buckle, and she hopped up and off the bed, with her tits bouncing. "Let me help you." She got in close so her breasts brushed my suit jacket. She stood on tiptoe and kissed me lustfully, her tongue sliding along my lower lip before slipping into the recesses of my mouth to tangle with mine.

She pulled my belt free, undid my pants, dragged down the zipper and got her hands in my boxer briefs. She gripped my throbbing cock tightly and started to slide her fist up and down the length of me. The air conditioner kicked on and cool air blasted from the bedroom vent.

"Ooh, cold," she said, taking my hands and placing them on her breasts. Her nipples were hard, like little diamonds.

"Did you think about this all day?" Kim whispered, once again jacking my cock. She dragged her thumb over the tip of my erection, spreading my pre-come around my dickhead.

It felt too good to bear, but I took a deep breath and let her touch me however she wanted and tried to hold on.

"I did. All fucking day."

She led me to the bed and pushed me back, climbing over me on her knees, her boots creaking slightly.

"Like what? Like this kind of thing?"

She kept her big green eyes on me as she licked from my cockhead to the base of my shaft. She tongued my balls and flicked them quickly with her little pink tongue.

Then she swallowed me down, taking my cock down her throat to the hilt. I grabbed fistfuls of the sheets, arched up and watched her work her magic. She



“SHE CAME A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE ME, ROCKING HER BODY ATOP MINE.”

sucked me like it was her job, all the while shaking her ass back and forth.

When I thought, I'd bust, I said, "No more. I want to fuck you."

"Okay." She smiled up at me. "But first..."

She moved up over me and finally managed to straddle my face. I put my hand beneath my head so I was the perfect height to lap at her. I licked her hard clit eagerly. The scent of her arousal filled my head. I dipped my tongue into her pussy, wiggling it back and forth. She rode my face, her strong thighs on either side of my head. She lowered just a bit, and I sucked her clit between my lips, drawing on it repeatedly until she was unbelievably wet.

She moved off of me without warning, and I sat up and flipped her over. She hit the bed with a squeal. I moved between her spread thighs, and she hiked her legs up high. The smooth leather of her black boots kissed my flanks, and my skin erupted in goosebumps.

I slid my cock into her slowly, taking in the feel of the leather sliding along my skin. She hooked her ankles behind my back, drawing me in with her strong, booted legs. I had to concentrate on not coming.

She bucked up beneath me, her cunt so wet I feared I'd slip out. She gripped me with her already tight little pussy, and I exhaled.

"God, you feel so good."



"You, too, baby," she said, raising up to bump her body against me. She bit my earlobe and squeezed me with her thighs.

She contracted her pussy around my cock again, milking me. She came with her mouth pressed to my shoulder, her sharp teeth nipping at my skin.

I rolled with her, and then there she was on top. She raised one leg and planted a booted foot on the bed. The pose gave her a better angle to roll her hips and work my cock. She bounced up and down on me, her full tits jiggling. She grabbed her nipples and squeezed, keeping her gaze pinned on me.

I bucked up beneath her, driving into her wetness as deep and hard as I could. The silky feeling of her dripping snatch engulfing me had my head buzzing.

I grabbed her shapely hips and pulled her hard against me, even as I drove up from under her. She let her head fall back, her pussy grew tighter, and she panted like she was trying to catch her breath.

"Fuck me baby. Fuck me."

I looked at her strong legs in those soft boots. I felt the leather rubbing along my other leg. I inhaled the scent of her and her footwear and managed a few more

thrusts. She came a split second before me, rocking her body atop mine.

I filled her pussy and held her tight.

She writhed until the last of our spasms had passed, and then she leaned over me, pressed her chest to mine and kissed me. "So, would I be right in assuming you wouldn't mind if I went shopping for more boots this weekend?"

I shook my head and laughed. "Baby, I'll fucking take you myself."

"Hey, that sounds like a plan."

—W.J., Denver, Colorado

PARTY OF TWO

Gabe had decided we'd go out to eat for our anniversary. Usually, we liked to make meals at home, romantic or otherwise. It wasn't uncommon for us to cook a celebratory dinner together in the kitchen, eat it in the dining room and then fuck on the sofa in the living room. We're homebodies, and we make the most of it.

It was a lovely summer night, so I wore

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“I MOANED AS THE INTENSITY OF HIS FINGERS INCREASED, WORKING FASTER.”

a short skirt and a soft silk blouse. I had to admit, being taken out was a nice change of pace.

When we walked toward the restaurant, the soft breeze blew over my bare legs, and I found myself getting turned on by that subtle caress. When we returned home, we'd have to celebrate our anniversary in a completely different way—naked.

“What are you smiling about?” he asked, studying my face.

“Oh, thinking dirty thoughts about you.” He grabbed my hand and kissed it. “Even after all these years.”

He brushed his lips over my hand again, and I shivered. Then he used his teeth to nip my skin, and I shivered even harder. Gabe is good at using his teeth on me until his little love bites leave marks for me to savor later.

Inside the chic eatery, Gabe gave his name to the host.

“Ah, yes. We have the secret room for you,” the man said, smiling. “Happy anniversary,” he added, after consulting his book.

I was intrigued. “Secret room?”

The host took two menus and led the way, speaking over his shoulder. “Yes. We have a private room available for special clients.”

Gabe whispered to me, “I didn’t know about it until my work buddy Tom told me.”

The space was small, intimate and dimly lit. The table was ringed by a horseshoe booth, and I slid into the seat.

As he settled in next to me, Gabe’s



hand brushed my bare thigh. The sensation shot straight to my pussy, and I made a sound that gave my feelings away.

The host gave us his spiel, bowed slightly and then took his leave.

Gabe studied his menu as he uttered, “Someone’s feeling randy.”

His warm hand slid up my thigh and stopped just short of sliding beneath my skirt. Arousal pounded in my pussy, which was growing wet beneath my panties.

“A bit,” I said, breathless.

He leaned in and kissed my lips, then scraped his teeth down my neck to nip me where my neck met my shoulder. I let out a sigh as I felt my nipples grow hard inside my blouse.

His hand crept up further, and his pinky brushed the silk of my panties. He was so close to my clit, which seemed to leap with excitement.

“I can’t concentrate,” I said, attempting to read the menu.

He kissed the same place he’d bitten me, and then wiggled his finger. This time, he did brush my clit, and I let out a small moan as the menu dropped from my hand.

He worked his hand beneath my skirt and found my clit with ease. He rubbed it just the right way through my wet undies. I raised my hips to meet his touch as I prayed the door to our room

wouldn’t open for a little while longer.

But it did, of course, and I let out a surprised cry at the sight of the waiter.

Gabe laughed even as I felt my cheeks blush.

He ordered our wine as I sat there with my mouth open. Then he said, “I think we’ll both have the surf and turf. Steak medium. Okay with you?” he asked, turning to me.

I swallowed hard, grateful I didn’t have to read or think. “Yes,” I said. “Perfect.” All the while his hand remained beneath my skirt. Still, but oh-so-close to where I wanted it.

Once the door closed, he slid closer to me on the seat.

He tugged at my panties, and my breath caught.

“Lift your hips,” he said.

I did as asked, and he managed to slide the undies down to mid-thigh.

“Take them off,” he said.

I did and put them in my purse. I sat there with my pussy pounding and my head swimming.

“Good. I didn’t know the room would be *this* private. We might as well take advantage, right?”

He played his fingertips, already slick with my juices, over my clitoris. He knew how to touch me, knew just what I liked. He worked me in soft circles at

first. When my hips started to buck, he ramped up his caresses.

I clenched my pussy and felt a rush of pleasure. I was hovering right there on the verge of coming when the door swung open and the waiter arrived with two glasses and our bottle. He made a big show of the pouring—which I'd normally have loved—and then finally, finally, left.

Gabe grinned at me, then gave me a deep kiss. My body pulsed like one big heartbeat.

I moaned as the intensity of his fingers increased, working harder and faster. He was clearly intent on making me come.

He bit my lip and I came, barely stifling my cry.

I thought that would be it. I took a hearty swig of my wine and watched him do the same. But when he turned to me with an eyebrow raised, looking mischievous, I knew we weren't done.

"This time, I'm going in."

I was confused for a moment. But just a moment, because then he plunged a finger into my cunt and started to fuck me with it. I gripped the lip of the table so hard my fingers blanched. I fought to breathe.

I was already so flushed and swollen inside that his single finger felt like it filled me up entirely. He watched me intently as he drove his finger into me. I grew wetter and wetter beneath my tiny skirt. I held on to the table for dear life as he gave a soft chuckle and then wormed a second finger inside me.

I growled, and that made him smile wider.

His fingers fucked me wildly. I was so wet I heard every movement of his digits.

"He's going to come back at any minute. You don't want him to catch us this way, do you? Me, buried knuckle-deep in your wet cunt. You'd better get off quick."

I moved my hips restlessly to meet him. Gabe pressed his broad thumb to my clit and slammed his fingers into me hard and deep.

I came again, struggling not to make a sound, which was very difficult.

Gabe kissed me, nonchalantly removed his fingers from my pussy, wiped them on his cloth napkin, and then raised his glass in a toast.

"To us."

"To us," I echoed dumbly. My hands were shaking and so were my thighs.

He leaned in and whispered in my ear, "Leave the panties in your purse."

—B.B., via email

DADDY'S GIRL

Walking in the front door, I dropped my bag on the floor and said to my husband, "Spank me, Daddy."

I sat down on his lap, blocking his view of the tablet in his hand. David had been reading the news. He glanced at me as I wriggled impatiently.

It only took a moment for his cock to grow hard beneath me.

He put down his tablet and hooked

his arms around my waist. "Did someone have a bad day at work?"

I nodded. "Yes, bad. Bad, bad, bad."

He slid his hand up my thigh, pushing the hem of my dress upward.

"Was it Stephanie?"

I wriggled some more. "Yes, that cunt Stephanie. I might have to kill her."

"You don't want to do that, sweetheart. You're too pretty for jail."

He shoved my dress up to expose my panties and drew his fingers over the cleft of my pussy, pushing the soft cotton against my wet slit.

I hummed, let my eyes drift shut and wriggled some more for good measure. I was rewarded with the press of his rock-hard cock against my asscrack as he grew more erect beneath me.

"So, you want me to make you feel better by smacking that ass until it's cherry-red?"

My pussy ached with want, and I nodded. "Yes."

"Maybe pull your hair a little?"

I nodded along.

"And fuck your pussy?"



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS



I nodded even more. At that point I was wriggling from pure arousal, not to turn him on.

"Make you come so hard you gush?"

"Yes," I said.

I climbed off his lap and stood.

He held out his hand, and I took it. He stood and pulled me close to him. His erection pressed against the front of my panties, and I kissed him hard and deep. He grabbed my ass and squeezed it. When I relaxed into him, he gave my butt a sudden smack that took my breath away.

He laughed at my startled reaction and added, "No one said I was going to begin in the bedroom."

I shook my head and rolled my eyes, but then he took my shoulder and turned me around. "Walk," he ordered, pointing to the staircase.

I walked up the steps with my dress hiked up to my waist as he walked behind me. He smacked my ass on the fourth step, and I jumped, cursing. At the very top he did it again, harder. The skin of my ass was throbbing, just like my aroused pussy.

In the bedroom, he sat on the mattress and patted his thigh. "Over my lap."

Anxiety was making my stomach flip-flop, but I obeyed. I splayed myself over his lap and waited, holding my breath. I wondered if he'd leave my panties on at

first or take them off right away.

He delivered a sharp blow, and my body bucked. The panties did very little to protect me from the sting. He landed another intense blow, and then another right after it. I was squirming shamelessly on his lap as he delivered the strikes.

"How are you now?" he asked, conversationally. Then he pushed the crotch of my panties to the side and slid a finger into my pussy. "Oh, you're good. Better than when you arrived. Let's try this then..."

David pushed my panties down so they fell to my knees. I wasn't allowed to move or remove them. I arched my back and waited for the next blow.

David could see I was as tight as a bowstring, so he decided it was a good time to stroke me tenderly. His fingers played gently over the swells of my ass cheeks. He lightly dragged his finger down my asscrack and pressed my back hole, making me shiver.

More gentle stroking followed, and I finally fell under his spell and relaxed.

The moment I did, he delivered a cracking blow that was so hard the sound of it hurt my ears. A sob ripped out of me, but my cunt—oh, my cunt—was dripping and ready. I felt like I'd come instantly if he slipped his cock inside me.

David then delivered a flurry of blows that left me gasping and writhing. His dick grew even harder, but he patiently held me in place with a strong forearm across the small of my back.

I cried out but didn't ask him to stop because when all was said and done, I was going to come like crazy.

But without warning, he did stop. The room was silent but for the sound of our labored breathing.

"What about now?" he said, almost to himself. He slid his fingers into my cunt again and wiggled them.

I tossed my head and whimpered, my orgasm just out of reach.

"Stand up. Take off your clothes. Get on the bed."

His delivery was clipped and authoritative. I hurriedly moved, getting on the bed on my hands and knees.

He reached beneath me and played with my breasts—to draw out the waiting, no doubt. He pinched my erect nipples harshly, and they grew harder still. I was desperate for him to enter me.

I was about to beg when he finally gave in. He stopped toying with me and stripped. He folded his clothes neatly to make me wait even longer, but the moment he climbed onto the bed, I could tell he wanted to fuck me as badly as I needed it.

David wrapped my long hair around his hand and held it so my head had to stay up. He tugged my tresses briskly as he slid into me on a single, strong thrust.

I whimpered.

"You're so close," he said. "I can feel it." He tugged on my hair again. "You're so close to coming you can taste it, can't you?"

I tried to nod. My eyes watered, and I pushed my body back to take him deeper.

Every stab of his hard cock hit me just right—with a perfect amount of brutality. I felt my cunt flowing like a faucet.

He released my hair and grabbed my hips. I reached a hand beneath my body, found my rigid clit and rubbed it vigorously.

**“A SOB RIPPED
OUT OF ME, BUT
MY CUNT—OH,
MY CUNT—
WAS DRIPPING.”**

“I can feel you getting closer, sweetheart. So, so close.” He slowed his hips a bit, and I gritted my teeth.

I was indeed close. I was shaking, and my eyes were brimming with tears. He was deliberately keeping me there, hovering at the edge and desperate.

David went utterly still with his cock deep inside me, filling me up. I found myself frozen, suspended in time.

Then without warning he began pounding me once more, working me with a quick rhythm that left me reeling. With one final deep thrust, I came, sobbing like a madwoman as my orgasm wrecked me. Every spasm burst into a moment of rich pleasure so intense, I was left lightheaded.

David held me tight and fucked me selfishly, taking what he needed from me until he climaxed.

When he withdrew, he smacked both ass cheeks simultaneously. I yelped.

“So was that what you had in mind?”

I rubbed my bottom and smiled at him. “Yes, Daddy. That’s exactly what I needed.”

—H.S., via email

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



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